

Next week! Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk; or, Personal Adventures of Maj. Max Martine, of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, in the Far West!

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No. 128.

THE DELIVERANCE OF ALCESTIS.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

Well-nigh distraught with anguish and sore grief,
Alceste mourns Alceste newly dead;
And from her burial tomb, finds no relief;
To still the fevered throbbings of his head,
And but laments that he was forced away
From that loved form, although 'twere lifeless
clay.

"Better in silence lie within the tomb,
Clasped close to those we hold exceeding dear,
Than painfully await our natural doom.
Dying full often, though Death be not near."
Thus bitterly he mourns for his dead wife,
Who died, that he might have new lease of life.

Sudden across his sorrow-frenzied rage
The giant form of Hercules appears,
He who in mightiest conflict did engage
With Death himself, unawed by all his fears.
And by the hand, the fruit of victory,
He leads Alceste, beautiful and free.

And made more lovable than e'er before
By her dread passage through the shades below,
Where spirit forms about her, more and more,
Transfigured, ere she swift to earth did go,
And with her strong deliverer and friend,
Before her lord, in lowliness, doth bend.

Breathless and pale, in her white loveliness,
She mutely stands before her lord again;
Nor may she ope her lips his name to bless,
Until prepared for earthly cross and pain.
For she unto the gods was consecrate
When rescued from her sad, relentless fate.

Oh, brightest gem of mythologic tale!
So steadfast, so devoted and so pure,
The memory opens wide Time's misty veil,
Revealing graces which must e'er endure.
And win us to thy ceaseless love and praise,
Most truly beauteous of Earth's golden days.

Double-Death: OR, THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING. A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
(LAUNCE PONTREZ.)
AUTHOR OF "THE RED HAZAR," "THE KNIGHT OF
THE RUBIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI. WYOMING.

In the month of September, 1778, a party of five horsemen were riding slowly along a rough country road in the midst of a singular scene. Around them spread a country that nature had made the very home of beauty. The winding Susquehanna pursued its tranquil course through an expanse of diversified hill and dale, sprinkled with noble clumps of trees, that gave it the appearance of a park. Wild vines, loaded with luscious purple grapes, hung in masses from the boughs of oak, elm and sycamore; while the borders of the river were planted with rows of the same tree in shady luxuriance. The pipe of the quail could be heard in the open meadows among the fields of yellow wheat, and numerous deer were grazing here and there, nibbling the yellow ears as if they were accustomed to it. Now and then the deep, hollow drumming of the ruffed grouse echoed from the dense woods, or a flock of wild ducks would come whirling up from a silent eddy of the river, startled at the approach of the horsemen.

But in all the landscape, except that little party, there was no token of human habitation, except those ghastly remains, left by fire and sword, which told of the fierce storm of war that had passed over the peaceful valley of Wyoming two short months before. The bare and blackened chimneys stood up here and there, ghosts of departed homes. The fences were prostrate, or left in heaps of ashes, where the rails had been used for firewood, and every now and then the horses of the travelers would shy violently at the sight of the bleaching bones of a human skeleton, the body parched and blackened by the fierce heat of the summer and the dry, still air of early fall.

The travelers were all well mounted and armed, as was necessary in the then state of the stricken vale of Wyoming. Four of them wore the uniform of Morgan's riflemen, a white frock or hunting-shirt, fringed and ornamented, with fur caps and buckskin leggings. The leader was a young officer of Continental dragons. He rode a magnificent black horse, nearly thoroughbred, and appeared to be subject to great anxiety, for his eager glance scanned every thicket ahead, and his face had a worried, unhappy look about it.

Every now and then he would turn round to speak to the leading rifleman, a small, wiry-looking man, with a dark, shrewd face and intensely black eyes, who was noticeable among the rest for carrying a double-barreled rifle, a very rare thing in those days.

"Murphy," said the young officer, at last, "do you think that the female prisoners were spared after they were carried off?"

He spoke as if he longed to hear a favorable answer, while dreading the reverse.

"As coarse they were," said Tim Murphy. "Didn't the Injun chief stop the devils from killin' after they'd been at it for two hours, bedad? But, anyway, I saw the young lady alive after that, and heard that they were going to take her off. Ould Queen Esther it was that tuk pity on her—and she the worst devil of them all, for that matter, for she bate out the brains of twenty men, standin' tied together around a rock, one after the other—but she seemed to take a fancy to the child as she stood there, so brave and innocent-like, and tuk her into her own tint, 'to be her daughter,' she said."

"And you say that this Queen Esther's



The two friends proceeded through the woods in silence, making the best use of eyes and ears possible.

village lies not far from here?" said the young officer.

"It lies over beyant thim hills," said the rifleman, pointing to the west. "and we can get there before dark, if we ride fast. Not that I mane to say that we'd better do it, Misher Barbour, for the ould wick isn't what ye call a nice person to visit, without a hundred or so of good boys at yer back. Bedad, av she knew that Double-Death was here, wid only five others, it's herself that would be the glad woman this day, hopin' to light an illigant little fire on Mr. Murphy's bare skin, av she could only catch him. But, Misher Murphy has a likin' to light his own fires, bedad, and he's goin' to halt."

He suddenly broke off from his rambling speech, and threw up his rifle to his shoulder, taking aim at a thicket at the roadside. In a moment more he would have fired, when the flash of three rifles simultaneously from the same thicket anticipated him, and three of the horses dropped to earth together, one of them his own. Instantly the adroit rifleman had his feet out of the stirrups, and was standing erect, aiming at the same place, as three Indian warriors, covered with paint and bedizened with feathers, sprung out of the cover, tomahawk in hand, to consummate the surprise. They little knew with whom they had to deal. As coolly as if at a pigeon-shooting match, Tim Murphy raised his rifle again, and fired right and left at the yelling warriors, within ten feet of him, bringing two of them down at once. The third, as if amazed at the sight of two shots coming from the same man without reloading, hesitated a moment, and that moment was fatal to him. It enabled Everard Barbour, who had been too flurried by the surprise to be fully conscious at first, to level the pistol he had drawn from his holster at the broad breast of the savage warrior, and fire into him, almost touching him. Before Everard's horse had fairly recovered from the shock of seeing its companions fall, the Irish rifleman had leaped forward and scalped all three of the Indians, with a dexterity and coolness

that told of long practice, and the whole affair was over.

Then it was found that one of the American riflemen was mortally wounded, the same shot that had felled his horse having passed through his thigh, and cut the femoral artery, from which the blood was welling like the stream from a pump: the other lay half under his horse, which was still struggling violently in the agonies of death; and the last one seemed to be too much unnerved at the suddenness of the occurrence to do anything but try to restrain his frightened animal from running away.

Tim Murphy said not a word till he had reloaded his rifle. Then he stooped down and took up the weapons of the dead Indians, emptied their bullets into his own bullet-pouch, and replenished his powder-horn from theirs. He rose and scanned the valley all round him with the piercing glance of a veteran scout, and observed:

"Liftinant, there's lashin' of the devils around here, and Tim Murphy's nothing but a goney that he didn't see them afore."

Everard was already on his feet by the wounded rifleman, trying in vain to staunch the welling flood of crimson that was fast draining the man's life. But, as Murphy spoke, the poor fellow lapsed into insensibility, and in a very few seconds after ceased to breathe, while the unwounded man was trying to extricate his other comrade from the crushing weight of the dying horse. Everard rose sadly up from his slain follower's side, and said:

"I fear you're right, Murphy. Three of them would never have dared to attack five of us, if they had not plenty of help nigh at hand. I see no way for us to do but to retreat and await the coming of Colonel Butler's expedition. We have lost our horses, and have not enough left to go on with in safety. And yet I can not go back while there is a chance to save her. What shall we do?"

Murphy considered a moment, and then said, slowly:

"There's two horses left, devil a lie in it. An' there's four men to ride on 'em—two

too many. L'ave me here, liftinant, wid Sam Noble there, and you and the other man go back and hurry up the boys. We'll wait for yer, and find out all about the Injun camp before the colonel gets up."

Everard hesitated for several minutes. Then he appeared to take his resolution.

"Martin Glover," he said, addressing the rifleman who had shown the least courage of any in the party, "you and Sam Noble will ride back at speed to Colonel Butler. Sam, take my horse. Tell him that there are Indians in the valley, and that I remain here with Murphy to find out their haunts. And here, Sam, give me your cap and hunting-shirt, and take my coat and helmet. They're not fit for this kind of work."

He spoke with the air of authority that compelled acquiescence, and the men were not sorry to obey. Their adventure, and the terrible stories current about the valley, had not conspired to encourage them, and they knew that about twenty miles behind a body of their comrades were coming up to the rescue, to revenge the slaughter of Wyoming. The change of garments was quickly effected therefore, and inside of ten minutes Everard, transformed into a rifleman, was watching his two men galloping away on the back track.

"Faith, liftinant," observed Tim Murphy, dryly, "thim fellows 'll not let the grass grow under their feet till they see the colonel. It's little use they'd be here, an' we two can prow about, an' nobody be the wiser. Now, sur, av it's plasin' to ye, we'd better be at work, for the shots 'll may be bring ould Queen Esther an' all her tribe out after us. We must get these fellows into the place they came from, and l'ave poor Jimmy Burke out beyant, so they may think we're all kilt or run away."

The advice seemed sensible, and they dragged the bodies of the Indians back into the thicket from whence they had first fired, judging rightly that there would be no more in that quarter, at least. The body of the slain rifleman was left where it fell, a ghastly necessity for the present, but they did not dare to take it away or bury it. Ever-

ard selected the best of the rifles, which was that carried by one of the Indians, a splendidly ornamented piece, evidently of English manufacture, and filled his bullet-pouch and powder-horn before setting out. Tim Murphy shook his head angrily as he looked at the rifle.

"It's the bloody British Governor's present," he said. "He gives them to the chiefs who bring in most scalps, and hires the red thaves to murder his own color. Bedad, maybe he won't like to get a bullet sent into his friends from his own gun. And now, liftinant, let's be off, av it's plasin' to ye?"

Although perfectly respectful in his manner, from the moment they were left alone in the wilderness, Murphy unconsciously took the lead in their subsequent proceedings, and Everard submitted, in light of his experience. They became equal comrades, instead of officer and private, and left the spot together on foot, each carrying a spare rifle, besides his own particular piece.

They passed through the thicket from which they were shot at, in cautious silence, keeping in the middle of the wood and avoiding to show themselves. All was quite quiet around them, however, save for the piping of the quail and the occasional whirr of the pheasant from the woods beyond. Everard was startled at every sound, and looked nervously round, expecting more Indians at every turn; but Tim reassured him with one of his simple, common sense remarks, that explained the case at once, saying:

"Sorra one o' them's here, liftinant. Trust the birds and bastes to hear them when they come. When ye don't hear a sound in the woods, look out; but as long as the little squirrels play about over beyant, there's no Injuns near."

And the ranger stepped on fearlessly and rapidly through the woods, glancing out between the trees to the open ground whenever they approached it.

Everard followed, becoming more used to his position, which was entirely novel, the longer he walked, and feeling a keen sense of pleasurable excitement in spite of the danger, in the peculiar atmosphere of bush-fighting, which he now tried for the first time. Indeed, no one who has not tried it, can realize the sense of freedom and independence peculiar to a man in the woods in an enemy's country, where his life depends on his acuteness. It resembles the passion for hunting, which causes so many men to forsake home comforts, and cheerfully confront cold and hunger to enjoy it; but with the additional excitement that your game will probably shoot back.

Everard felt, moreover, that his companion was an adept in woodcraft and Indian warfare, and trusted entirely to his abilities, and he was not wrong. Tim Murphy, under his Indian sobriquet of "Double-Death," was celebrated among the Indians far and wide, and much dreaded.

The two comrades thus continued on their way through the belt of woods, which proved to be about a mile in length, and then saw before them an open field of wheat, fully exposed to view on all sides, at the opposite margin of which again extended the woods that clothed the edge of the valley to the west. Beyond these woods lay the camp of the Indian queen, known to the whites as Queen Esther, whose band had been prominent in the July massacre.

Both men instinctively uttered a low exclamation as they looked out upon the fields, for there, coming leisurely along toward the very place they were posted, was a party of eight or nine Indians.

CHAPTER VII. HIDE AND SEEK.

MURPHY was the first to catch sight of them, and he immediately drew back behind a tree, motioning to Everard to do the same. The tree behind which they shrunk happened to be very large, and had a deep cavernous hole on one side. Without any hesitation, Tim entered the hollow, and Everard followed him, when both prepared themselves for a desperate defense if they were discovered, but in the full expectation of remaining unseen. Tim whispered to Everard that he was certain the savages had not caught sight of them as they hid.

"And av they only miss the trail, we'll have a chance, liftinant."

From the dark hole in which they were, they could see their foes advancing unsuspectingly to the edge of the wood, and, as luck would have it, at a part of the wood over which they themselves had not passed. The Indians were clattering and laughing, contrary to their custom on the war-path, proving that they did not anticipate enemies near them, and soon disappeared among the trees, going in a direction that promised to bring them out close to the scene of the morning's attempted assassination.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, Tim crept softly out of the hollow, laid his head to the earth, and listened intently for some time. Then he started up, and beckoned to Everard.

"Follow, liftinant," he said, in a low tone, and stepped off toward the open fields. At the edge of the wood he halted, and took a long, searching look all round the horizon. Not a soul was in sight as far as the woods opposite. Tim at once struck into the path through which the Indians had come among the wheat, and went at a fast walk, nearly a run, toward the opposite woods. As he went, he kept a keen look-out ahead, for Tim was trying a desperate chance in crossing this open field as he did,

when the woods in front might very likely be full of Indians. But he knew that those behind would almost inevitably catch his trail very soon, and a forward movement at any risk had become an imperative necessity.

Before the two friends had entirely crossed the field, they heard, far behind them, the loud death-halloo of the Indians, announcing that these had stumbled over the bodies, and Tim Murphy instantly dropped flat on his face in the tall yellow wheat, followed by Everard.

"Hould still!" whispered the scout, as Everard, imprudently raised his head to look around. "The devil'll all be out watchin' the opens, in the drinkin' of a glass of whisky. Hould still, and they'll never see ye."

Everard lay still and listened. The howling over the corpses became louder than ever, and then stopped suddenly and burst out again. He could see nothing where he was, for the tall yellow wheat all round him, and the suspense of waiting became very trying. Not fifty yards off were the woods, and they could not reach them without being discovered. It seemed to Everard as if they must be seen where they were, indeed, but the dirty drab into which the originally white hunting-shirts had faded rendered the two friends quite invisible from their similarity in color to the grain.

Presently Tim Murphy took off his cap, and rose up on his hands and knees to peep out among the wheat-heads, motioning Everard to lie still. He remained in this posture for some minutes, and then sunk down again, with a look of satisfaction.

"They're pickin' out the trail," he whispered, "and not lookin' this way. Now's the time, liftin'."

And he rose up and crept forward through the grain on hands and knees, leaving a plain trail behind him no doubt, but hidden from view by the tall spears of wheat, where the trails of wild animals, wandering at will, crossed it in every direction, a melancholy picture of neglect. Everard followed in the same fashion, each trailing two rifles behind him; and in this way they soon gained the shelter of the woods unseen, and were able to stand erect once more. It was not till they were buried in the wood, and out of sight of the open field, that Everard asked:

"Why is it, Tim, that you lay still so long before you creep away?"

"Sure and weren't the Indians in full sight?" asked Tim, in return. "The first thing they'd do was to glower over the fields, and as a stalk of grain had looked askew, they'd 'a' been after us, like St. Patrick after the snakes. Now they'll have to trail us, and, bedad, Tim Murphy can move faster than they can trail, and we'll have a chance."

"But how shall we throw them off the trail?" asked Everard.

"Divil a fear o' that," said Tim, confidently. "Afore Colonel Butler comes up, they'll have enough of trailing Double-Death, I'll go bail. How we're to find the old hardiend they call Queen Esther, and get the young lady away from her, that's the divil of a job. But come along, liftin'—We're getting nearer the village every moment, and 'twon't do to be talkin'. So we'll need eyes and ears for twinty, so no more chat."

Everard saw the sense of this advice, and the two friends proceeded through the woods in dead silence, making the best use of eyes and ears that they could. Tim Murphy was one of those cool, reckless fellows, found nowhere in such perfection as among our American frontiersmen, who deliberately stake their lives against hundreds of hostile chances, and come off scot free from the midst of perils, by the mere force of pluck and coolness, fertility of invention, and daring of execution. Everard had many of the same qualities, but he lacked the experience acquired by the other in many a bush-fight, and was content to follow him as a pupil. He knew that they were going straight toward a village of hostile Indians, and that more were on their trail behind; and yet he followed without hesitation. Against equal numbers of foes they were well protected, the one having three, the other two rifle-shots to fire, without reloading, besides which, Everard had retained the holster-pistols from his saddle, which he had thrust into his belt at the moment of departure. But the foes they were to meet were hundreds in number, and likely to be keen and vigilant.

Nevertheless, they went forward steadily, the woods becoming deeper and darker as they proceeded, the ground gradually sinking lower, carpeted with dark-brown moss. The drought of the summer had changed the place from a swamp, and there were only little pools here and there, at long distances, where some deep hole had been made by the uprooting of a wind-struck tree; still there were plentiful evidences that it was nothing but a dried-up swamp, and Tim whispered to his companion to be cautious, for the Indian towns were generally at the edges of swamps. They advanced silently, treading in each other's steps with great precaution, Tim Murphy keeping a sharp look-out ahead and to either side. The forest was unusually silent—a bad sign. Here and there, a long way off, they could hear the tap of the woodpecker on some dead tree, or the chatter of a squirrel, but near them all was silent. Presently Tim halted and listened intently. A low murmur could be heard in the woods directly ahead of them, where the ground rose up from the edge of the swamp.

"There's the village, beyant the hill," whispered Tim. As he spoke, he turned and struck off in the right, into the densest part of the swamp.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUEEN ESTHER.

At the door of an Indian wigwam, in the midst of a village of similar structures, a young girl was seated on a bear-skin, absently gazing on the antics of a number of little naked children, who were tumbling about in the dirt, quarreling with some rough, wolfish-looking curs for the possession of sundry half-devoured bones. Here and there at the doors of the lodges the squaws were sitting in the sunset, enjoying rest and gossip, while the warriors were all in a grand circle on a green in the center of the village, smoking solemnly, as if at a council.

The young girl was elaborately attired in all the finery of a chief's daughter, with short blue cloth skirt, worked in beads and porcupine-quills, her swelling bust half-revealed by the open hunting-shirt of doe-skin, while a blanket of more than common

fineness fell from her shoulders. But a glance at her face was sufficient to show that she was no Indian, but a white woman, and a very pretty one at that, a cheerful, healthy country girl, with clear, dark eyes, magnificent hair, and a form like a young panther's for mingled grace and vigor.

It was, indeed, no other than Marian Neilson, who had been adopted by the Indian queen, according to a common custom of the tribes, to replace a daughter slain in the battle; for Queen Esther, like many of the Eastern Indians, had enforced "woman's rights" in a practical form a hundred years before they were agitated in civilized countries, and went to battle with her daughters at the head of her warriors.

Marian looked thoughtful and sad, but by no means downcast. There was a fund of quiet heroism in those women of the Revolution that kept them up under the most fearful trials to an extent we little think of nowadays. She had seen so many horrors during the sack of Wyoming, that her own fate, a mildly treated captive, appeared to be a very light one compared to the sufferings of many women more delicately reared than herself. She had seen a mother carrying her newly-born infant twenty miles on foot, the child itself a corpse, to obtain the poor privilege of burying the little creature, without being tomahawked and scalped for her pains.

In the presence of woes like these, and others nearly as trying, Marian felt that she had much cause for thankfulness, for, save the restraint of her liberty, she suffered nothing, and was treated with kindness by her adopted mother, with reverence by the Indians.

She was thinking at the moment of Everard Barbour, her soldier lover, far away, as she thought, on duty, and wondering if he had heard the news, and whether he believed her dead with so many others.

"He will come after me," she thought, "if he has any reason to believe I live, and if not, I shall never see him again. He will see so many beautiful ladies in Philadelphia that he will forget poor Marian, and, perhaps, be glad of her death."

As she sat there musing, a strange figure approached the lodge from the rear. It was that of a tall, gaunt old woman, haggard and hollow-eyed, with long gray hair flowing down her back. Her dress was that of a warrior, but composed of expensive velvets, bedizened with gold lace, too clearly the plunder of some civilized settlement. She bore at her belt a long scalp-knife and a tomahawk, the best of the latter dark and rusty from recent stains. Her face was that of a statue, as apparently devoid of human feeling as if it had been made of bronze. The remains of great beauty were there, but it was the cruel beauty of the tigress, and her fierce expression rendered even that repulsive.

This was the celebrated Queen Esther, better known as Kate Montour, queen of the Senecas. This woman was reputed to be the half-breed daughter of Count Frontenac, one of the last French Governors of Canada, and had in her youth enjoyed all the luxuries of the vice-regal palace at Quebec, but having returned to her people, she had surpassed them all in atrocities at the massacre of Wyoming, where she deliberately brained all the prisoners with her own hand. And yet, as she now advanced, and addressed Marian in English, there was a grace and refinement in her manner that told of her early training, rather than her later deeds, and Marian looked up with a smile, for the queen's countenance was softened to her.

"Marian, what dream you of?" said Queen Esther, in a deep, musical voice and very pure English. "Has my daughter not ceased yet to mourn for the coward whites, who fell by the hands of my warriors? This is not well, Marian?"

She spoke in the accents of a cultivated and well-educated person, with only a slight French accent.

"Alas, madam," said Marian, a little sadly, "we can not all command our hearts. Remember that I lost my mother, sister and many dear friends in the slaughter of last month. I can not forget them yet."

"But you must forget them," said the Indian queen, sternly. "Look at me, Marian Neilson. Do you think that I never had a heart? Ay, child, long, long years ago I was young and beautiful. Soldiers and gentlemen flocked around me in my father's house, seeking my hand, and every thing seemed to draw me from the people of my Indian mother, and make me like you. And what, think you, changed me and made me what I am?"

"I do not know," said Marian, wonderingly.

"White cruelty," said Queen Esther, slowly; "the forked tongue that dwells in every white man of them all. I believed the soft voice of one of them, and found too late that he had led to me—that he sought not an honorable alliance, but my shame. And why, think you, Marian? Because of my mother's blood only! The whites can never forgive us for being injured by them. They found us lords of the soil, and they cozened us out of our birthright, till we are strangers in our own land. And they can not forgive us for living, they can not pardon one drop of Indian blood in our veins. He wronged me, and I swore vengeance. Ay, girl, and I've had it, too."

Marian shuddered slightly at the fierce gleam of the old queen's eye, as she remembered what she had seen, and Queen Esther pursued:

"You think much of the slaughter of your people the other day, and of the death of the prisoners taken in arms. How many did we slay compared to the rest of your people? Now tell me, where are the Pequods, where are the Narragansets, where are the Wampanoags, where are all the tribes that once ranged free and happy from the St. Lawrence to the waters of the Sound? Who slew them? Who slew them? What pity have you for their massacre? Who tells of the children of King Philip, sold as slaves—of the Massachusetts tribes exterminated from the face of the earth by your pious Christian warriors? Who cares for them or for their kindred? Girl, I tell you, not unless we were to sweep every man, woman and child of your accursed race into the sea, without mercy, could we equal the injuries that you have inflicted on us for generations. My people are poor and ignorant. They know not all that I do. I have learned the wisdom of the whites, but my heart is all red, and I have used it for the good of my people. Go ask the white ruffians that call themselves Indian-fighters whom they dread the most of any, and they will tell you the band of Queen Esther. Ay, and if I were only a

* A fact.

man, I would do much more. Enough! You see I have steeled my heart. See that you keep yours in subjection, girl."

"I will try not to show my feelings," said Marian, in a low voice.

"Remember that you are my daughter now," said the queen, sternly. "I lost her in the battle, with my two sons. You take her place. She was like a statue. She showed no fear, and no sorrow. See that you do like her. Come. We are going to the council. You must come with me. You shall be bound to us more firmly soon. Your heart is still with the whites. We must draw it to the forest by wedding you to a brave warrior."

Marian had risen at her first words, and was standing by the queen. At the utterance of the last sentence she started and turned deadly pale.

"Madam," she faltered, "surely it can not be necessary to do that yet. Indeed, I will be faithful and obedient to you, remembering your kindness, but I can not—must not, be married as yet."

"The queen of the Senecas turned, round and favored her with a piercing glance, half-suspicion, half-contempt."

"Did you think I spared you to please your whims?" she demanded, in a tone of scorn. "Girl, are you a fool, or do you take me for one? I spared your life to use you for my purposes. You are beautiful, and I am old. My influence wanes among these fierce savages. Well, you shall restore it. Black Eagle, the son of Giengwah, has asked for your hand, and I promised it to him. Follow me."

She turned and swept solemnly away toward the council, followed slowly and hesitatingly by Marian, who now began to realize the true perils of her situation. Till that moment she had never dreamed of them, imagining that pity for her fate had inspired Queen Esther's mercy so far.

The chiefs were gathered in the circle, smoking together, and a place was left in front of the grand lodge for the queen of the Senecas. With a courtesy unusual among Indians, and only taught them by this singular woman—compound of barbarism and civilization, as she was, from her double parentage and education—the whole circle rose to their feet and bowed their plumed heads in obeisance as Queen Esther took her position, with Marian beside her. At a signal from her they resumed their seats and began the business of the meeting. Marian sat down close to her protectress, or, rather, her captor, and, as she looked at the features of the Indians, the first warrior that rose to his feet were the stately form of her unwelcome Indian suitor, the chief, Black Eagle.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 127.)

Pearl of Pearls: OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "WOODWIND," "HERULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK ORBESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X. A MIND IN A MAZE.

WHEN Percy Wolfe whispered in the ear of his unlucky friend, on the night of the duel, the promise to find the child, and see that she obtained the benefits of her father's will, the utterance was an oath, as it were, so sincere was the heart from which it welled.

The young man had even neglected other pressing duties, after his arrival in New York, in order to make his conscience clear on the subject of his pledge.

During the voyage across the ocean, he had given many moments to picturings of a bright little spot in the West—a cottage, where in summer time he had passed so many happy hours in the cool shade of oaks and maples, communing with Nature; a father and mother whom he had not seen for years; two sisters, one scarce free from the nurse's arms—the other, a child of beauty, with a disposition ever ready to sacrifice her own desires for those of others, a nature as sweet and mild as ever swayed the actions of a human.

He often wondered if the old charms were waiting to welcome him—then trembled while he thought, for two long years had rolled around since he last had heard from "home."

Fifteen years ago he had started out to make himself a man among men; and Fortune had not shut her portals to his energy, for he had prospered.

In the time gone, what had transpired round his birthplace? Of father, mother, sisters—how many were left? Why had letter after letter, which he sent, brought no reply, no tidings of any kind to relieve him of his suspense?

With such feelings consuming him, it was but natural that his whole soul should be tortured with yearnings to once more stand amid the scenes of his childhood, and rest in the embrace of those precious ones who, alone, of all man's friends, love with an unwavering affection—father, mother, sister!

But the promise he had given Horace Rochestine, in that fatal hour of the past, must be fulfilled first.

He went straightway to Washington, and, as we have seen, called at the house of deceased.

And when Percy Wolfe left the presence of Isabel Rochestine, it was with the firm conviction that Horace Rochestine's friend, Claude Paine, needed looking after.

Wolfe had been made aware of his friend's desire to be considered dead by those who knew him in America; knew that Claude Paine had received instructions to that effect; and, in his conversation with Isabel, had discovered that this much had been attended to.

But he knew, also, that the will for Pearl's benefit was inclosed in with the letter to Paine. Then, why had it not come to light?

When he reached his room at the National Hotel, he threw himself into a chair, and looked thoughtfully down at the carpet.

"There is some mystery here," he mused, in an undertone. "Either this Claude Paine is a rascal, or else I am too hasty in forming my opinions. Hasty?" and his brow knit.

"No, I am not too hasty. Paine must have got the letter and the will some time ago; and he has had ample opportunity to do the right thing. I wonder if Mrs. Rochestine was only 'acting,' when she professed ignorance? What if she is in league to rob the child? Let me think: while he sat there, meditating deeply, numerous footsteps sounded in the entry,

Some one was about to occupy the next room.

"What time shall I knock?" inquired some one, gruffly, outside.

"Call me in time for the 12:45 train to Baltimore," answered a low, pleasant voice. "I will breakfast in my room," and the door closed as the waiter withdrew.

Percy Wolfe did not notice what was transpiring; he was too much absorbed with the perplexity occasioned by his visit to Isabel Rochestine. Had he but caught the servant's questions and the answer of the female, he would have been saved much uneasiness, anxiety and trouble that was in store for him.

Arousing at last from his unsatisfactory state he went out again, and sought the theater, as a possible relief of his over-tried brain.

But when he retired, at a late hour, the same strain of thoughts came back upon him.

He began to feel that some strong, inexplicable influence was chaining him to this one thing. It seemed to him he must dwell solely on the fact of Claude Paine holding back the will; and not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but a dozen times he asked himself the questions:

"Can it be Mrs. Rochestine would rob the child? Is Claude Paine a villain? How am I to untangle it all?" and, after a while, he would half answer:

"I will see this Claude Paine. Let him explain to me. By heaven! if there is an evil plot afoot, I will prove its ruin, as sure as there is a just God!"

In the darkness of the room, he lay with his eyes open, staring upward, till his mind became so wrought upon that sleep was impossible.

In vain he closed his eyelids—they would start open again, and his lips would utter, in spite of him:

"I shall see Mrs. Rochestine again, to-morrow. She can tell me where to find this Paine. Yes; there's something wrong—there must be. I—." He stopped short, with a half-choking exclamation.

The sound of a woman's voice had interrupted him.

Between the two apartments was a door. It was closed and locked, but in the solemn stillness, he heard words of prayer.

The accents were so earnest, the tone so tremulous, that instantly he became riveted.

The new occupant of the adjoining room was praying for some one—not for herself, as he quickly discovered; and involuntarily he listened.

Soon the speaker ceased, and the struggling light that shone at the cracks of the door, vanished.

He was slowly gliding back to the subject of his unrest, when again he heard the tremulous voice in the next room.

"Poor—poor little Pearl! Ah, how unhappy you must be, so far away from every one to love you. But I will see you once more, Pearl, before I am compelled to say good-by forever!"

Percy Wolfe sat upright in bed, and a nervous sensation darted through him.

Sleep for that night was now out of the question. He had heard enough to doubly augment the turbulent condition of his faculties.

He arose, lighted the gas, and, filling his meerschaum pipe, walked rapidly to and fro, with the tobacco-smoke curling in thick clouds around him, as he puffed at a furious rate.

"Pearl! Pearl!" he muttered, between whiffs; "I wonder if the Pearl she means is the Pearl I'm after? Singular—singular—singular: I'm afraid I won't get home at all, if I don't make haste and bring this to—a now, I wonder if that party has gone to bed in there?"

He paused and listened.

All was still in the room adjoining.

"Yes, she's gone to bed, I guess"—resuming his strolling: "I'll see her in the morning, though. Not a clue must be lost—not one. What's the matter with Pearl? If her Pearl is my Pearl! then why is the 'poor little Pearl, eh? But, I'll see her in the morning. I'll see Mrs. Rochestine, too. I'll see Paine—I'll see everybody! Confound my nervousness!"

He refilled the pipe several times, and smoked and smoked till the bowl burnt his fingers, and his tongue was sore.

But sleep conquered, finally. He never knew how it happened, but when the hands of the clock were indicating the hour of two, he sat upon the sofa, sound asleep, with a confused jumble of incomprehensible matter, flitting and vortexing in his dreams—causing his hands to twitch in slumber, and his lips to utter unintelligible soundings.

It was an unlucky sleep.

CHAPTER XI. PAINE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

CLAUDE PAINE was in excellent spirits when he arrived at his rooms on E street, after returning from the depot.

He dispatched the small colored boy of the house to the restaurant at the corner, to procure a bottle of wine; and, sitting before the warm stove, with limbs elevated to a triangular horizontal on a convenient chair, he sipped the sparkling contents of his glass, smiled jubilantly, and finally broke forth:

"Drink and smile, and learn to think that we were born to smile and drink."

—Ha! ha! ha! Yes—yes, the plot works well. The child is out of my way; Isabel Rochestine will be mine as soon as I can persuade her to throw aside the infernal 'black.' That will, now?—ah! here it is!"—drawing a long, thin document from his pocket, and setting the wine glass on the table—"now, I wonder if it is safe for me to be carrying such a thing? In my trunk would be better—a deal better. What if I destroy it?—make an end of it at once? Would that not be safest of all?"

He turned the MS. over and over in his hand, as if trying to decide what course he should adopt concerning it.

While thus engaged, footsteps sounded in the hall without. Some one was approaching his room.

"It's Derrick!" he said, to himself, looking up.

The corner was his intimate friend, Dorsey Derrick. He entered without knocking.

"Well, Dorsey?"

"What luck?" interrogated Derrick, casting his hat aside, turning on more gaslight, and then drawing up a chair.

"Best in the world."

"Every thing work off smooth?"

"Couldn't be better. Cassa was on hand; I purchased their tickets for New York—the child will be asleep by the time they reach Baltimore; and if she is not, it

will make no matter, as she has never been out of Washington, and will hardly know the difference. So, you see, my road is clear. Every thing goes well; Isabel Rochestine—"

"Never mind her, just now; you're all right in that direction, too. I want some money."

"You shall have it. How much?"

"A hundred."

Paine went to his trunk, and counted out a hundred dollars. Giving to the other, he resumed his seat with:

"What's the matter? You look as sour as old milk."

"I feel better, now"—tapping the money significantly. "Fact is, my funds all run out some time ago. I got in debt. It's a principle of mine never to cheat a man who does me a good turn in a pinch, so I don't want to go away without squaring up; and as you're going to leave—"

"Yes, I shall leave as soon as possible—with Isabel. I gave Cassa an envelope, stamped and directed to a place in Sacramento. Wherever she stops, she'll get somebody to write down her directions, send it to me, and I can supply her with money. For I must keep her well hushed up, Derrick."

"Yes," and after a pause, he continued: "Seems to me I'm going to have rather a bare time of it, following you and her around. Why, I won't hardly see you."

"Yes, you will. Just wait till we're married, Derrick, and then for sport—lots of money, and nothing to do!"

"Mighty lucky for us that you chanced afool of this opportunity. We couldn't have held up much longer on cards—"

"Don't mention it, Derrick. I've sworn never to stake another cent on cards as long as I live."

"So've I."

"Stick to it—yes, help yourself."

Derrick had discovered the wine, and instantly made a movement toward it.

"What's that?" he inquired, when he resumed his seat, indicating the document which Paine still held in his hand.

"That's the will."

"Rochestine's?"

"Yes."

"But'st her open."

"What?"

"But'st her open," repeated Derrick.

"Why, we never could put it together again! See—it's got Rochestine's seal on it."

"Let me have it. I'm curious to see what the thing says—"

"You'll spoil it."

"No I won't." Derrick took out his pen-knife.

The fire in the stove was roaring; the urn on top, half-full of water, was steaming. He held the large envelope over the latter, while Paine watched him in silence.

In a few minutes he inserted the blade of the knife at one corner, and began opening the envelope with ease. But the sealing-wax would not yield. He cut close and carefully around this, and—the will was before them.

"You've ruined it!"

"No, I haven't. When we fix it up again, we can paste the outside onto the inside. There'll be some trouble when they open it, that's all—why, I thought you didn't want anybody to see it?" the last suddenly.

"Neither do I; but—here, what's this? By Jove! he has inclosed a letter to his wife!"

There was a small envelope, directed to Mrs. Horace Rochestine.

Paine immediately appropriated this, while Derrick settled himself back in his chair to read the will.

The letter purported to have been written by Horace Rochestine, with the last efforts of his expiring strength—was full of endearing words, unstudied traces; said that the writer knew he had not many moments to live, etc., etc.

Paine smiled as he glanced over the lines, and muttered:

"The infernal hypocrite! And he is now, no doubt, as lively as I am!"

But suddenly he came to a paragraph which checked him, held him, caused him to start and pale.

Simultaneously there came an exclamation from Dorsey Derrick. He, too, had made a discovery of some kind.

"What's up, Paine? Found anything?"

"Found any thing! Well, I should think I had!"

"So've I—"

"Listen to this," continued Paine, interrupting him. "Here's trouble in prospect," and he read aloud as follows from the letter that was now being crunched in his hold:

"***** In this will, dear wife, I have given nearly all to Pearl. You will have enough—your own possessions, and your portion from this, are ample. A very dear friend of mine, Percy Wolfe by name, intends returning to America, his native home, in a short time. I will acquaint him with what I have done; and, though I have every confidence in Claude Paine, Mr. Wolfe will ask after Pearl, and how she enjoys her health."

There was much more, such as a dying man would write with his feeble abilities; but Claude Paine went no further.

He tore the letter into a hundred pieces, sprang forward, and grasped his companion roughly by the wrist.

"Derrick!"

"Well, I don't see any thing so extraordinary in that."

"You don't! Then you lack brain. This man has reached America—is now, this very hour,

Only one thought, one intent, was uppermost in his excited mind, and that was, to escape from Percy Wolfe!

After the departure of his associate, Dorsey Derrick reassumed his comfortable position in the chair, and vented an illudic grunt.

"He's wild!" he exclaimed, as he ran his eyes again over the will; and after a while, he went on, in a musing strain:

"Now, the question is: shall I let him know what this important document says? He's to get ten thousand dollars, eh? for carrying out Horace Rochestine's instructions. If he marries Isabel Rochestine, he'll get about two hundred and fifty thousand, in all—provided that the child, Pearl, doesn't put in an appearance. But he might take it into his head to act honest and be satisfied with ten? What's ten thousand dollars among one—much less two! And then I wouldn't get so much, either. I guess you'd better be kept in ignorance, friend Paine. You marry the widow, by all means. I'm partial to widows, I am!"

CHAPTER XXII. OFF ON THE MORROW.

ISABEL ROCHESTINE was seated before the glowing fireplace, in the gorgeous parlor of her home—her attitude one of captivating grace, her appearance that of a lovely, almost unearthly being, absorbed in random reverie, unconscious of all around her—the dart of Cupid pinning in her heart a mystic fire, and weaving heavens of delight within her waking dream.

One elbow rested on the arm of the rich chair; one hand—now stripped of its flashing jewels—pressed against her crimsoned cheek; and her eyes—those large, lustrous orbs of jet—glazed dreamily into the mass of coils.

She was attired in plain black, devoid of every ornament; yet even in this, when nothing but simplicity engaged the eye, there were new charms to be discovered by the betrayals of the close-fitting dress, in the white neck that outlined so gracefully above the sable circle at the throat, in the pure arm, half-exposed by the "angel" sleeve, as it supported her beautiful head.

A strange calm pervaded the atmosphere of the house. There was no blaze of light, such as had, heretofore, made Mrs. Rochestine's house prominent in that locality during the winter; but a dim, uncertain glimmer here and there, or a solemnly flickering flame in the large kitchen, where the servants, even more susceptible to the gloom of the hour than she who was alone up-stairs, were grouped together and speaking only in an undertone.

Presently there was a dull rumble of carriage-wheels on the outside; a vehicle stopped before the house. Then came a quick, impatient pull at the bell, awakening Isabel from her meditations.

"Why, who can that be?" she asked herself. "I am expecting no one to-night."

In a few moments, a servant entered. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Paine, ma'am, is in the other parlor."

"Mr. Paine!—here? I thou—Admit him!" quickly.

Claude Paine was ushered in.

"Claude! I thought you were in Baltimore with Pearl?"

"Isabel!" He had her in his arms as she could say more, and was raining kisses on her yielding lips.

"I expected to be, Isabel; but, something has occurred to greatly embarrass me. At the depot I met a friend. It seems it was a providential meeting, too; for he had been looking for me here, in vain, and was just about to return to New York, despairing of being able to find me. I am called to Sacramento immediately."

"Sacramento?"

"Yes—rather strange that I must go so hastily to the very city you intended visiting, isn't it? If I could catch the very next train, it would be none too soon. I can hardly delay an hour. Several thousand dollars are involved—so much, in truth, that I could not afford to be the loser. We can go together."

"Pearl? What did you do with Pearl?" she asked, breaking in upon his rapid utterances.

"This friend of mine will take her to the institution. They are long since on their way. He has time, and kindly volunteered for her reception beforehand, there will be no difficulty. Now, there is a train going at 6:45 A. M. to-morrow, connecting at the Relay House for the West—"

"Are you sure Pearl will have no trouble?" Isabel interrupted, again.

"Of course I am! Now, can you be ready to go with me on the early train, in the morning?"

"This is sudden, Claude. And the hour is so early! I will surely have time to go."

"But consider, dearest, how delightful for us to be in each other's company on the trip. Can't you possibly arrange matters?"

"I might," hesitatingly, while she still lingered in the embrace of this man who controlled the very pulsations of her heart.

"Say that you will, Isabel? Even if you have to let one or more of the servants remain in charge of the house until you can come back?"

"That I shall never do, Claude. I hate this section, and shall never return to it." He did not expect this. But his eyes glistened with a secret satisfaction when he heard it, and he shifted his position in order to conceal, in the movement, the effect her speech had on him.

"Then, discharge all the servants, pack your trunks, close the house—and I will come back at some time and sell the property for you. Decide, Isabel; for I have hardly a moment to spare—even for the blisses I find in your face, form, voice and lips! My carriage is waiting for me at the door, and I must be off."

"I will go, Claude. But I will have to make a good many sacrifices it will be so inconvenient."

"I will try and pay you for the sacrifices, by—"

"I know you will, dear Claude" and, after a second, she added, inquiringly: "Do you remember there was a gentleman called to see me yesterday, after I ordered the house to be closed?"

"Yes. He looked at her keenly, as he answered."

"Well, he came again to-day."

"He did?" His teeth, clinched, and his fingers worked; but she did not notice that her words had made him suddenly and newly nervous.

"He had a very singular object in calling," said Horace had left a will for Pearl's benefit—it had been intrusted to some party in America. Did you know anything about it?"

"I? Why, no?" His exclamation of surprise was well affected; she failed to see how great an effort it cost him to smother the true feelings of his breast, and check the malediction upon Percy Wolfe, that was at his tongue's end.

"It is very singular," he said. "Have you heard of it before?"

"No."

"Be assured, if there is such a will, it will appear soon."

"That is precisely what he said."

"Let us quietly await the issue of a prophecy, and meantime, think of other things."

And then, though the carriage waited, though he had declared the short limit of time at his disposal, he lingered awhile with the woman who was worshipping him with a mad, wild love—whose soft lips would seem so full of sweets that, unless dead to the subtler passions which give to nature its soul, he could not live a moment away from their magnetic pressure—whose arms clung round his neck when, at last, he started to leave, until it would seem impossible to sunder them.

As the carriage rolled away from the house of Isabel Rochestine, bearing Claude Paine back to his rooms on E street, the villain sat upright on the seat, struck his knee a blow with his hard-stiff fist, and exclaimed:

"Capital! Capital! None too soon! He is after me!—and will miss me. Ha! ha! ha! Stir yourself, Mr. Percy Wolfe!—for you are hunting a game whose wits have been its sustenance for the last ten years. Beat me if you can!"

But his uneasiness of a short time before had passed away. It was a new excitement that fired him now—a feeling of triumph, in the knowledge that he was about to escape Percy Wolfe; he had allayed any suspicions that might have arisen in Isabel's mind; he would soon defy the pursuit of the man he considered his sworn foe, from that hour; all this tending to the mature development of his plans, and a consummation of his desires.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 125.)

ROYAL KEENE, THE California Detective: OR, The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE JEW'S PLOT.

VAN RENSSELAER did not reply for a few moments. He was meditating upon the situation. It was plain to him that Keene had not succeeded in finding the heiress, else he would not have been willing to part with the precious document; but how the will had come into Keene's possession was a mystery to him. Evidently fortune had strangely befriended his foe. The will once destroyed his fortune was safe.

"Well, you buy him, eh?" Abrams asked.

"Yes, I think so."

"Dat ish goot!" exclaimed the Jew, rubbing his hands together gleefully. "I no buy him till I find out whether you take him. He no use to me."

"There is only one person in the world that the will can benefit," David said, slowly. "That person has not been seen or heard of for years. Without that party is produced, the will is of no more value than a piece of waste paper. Keene has evidently not been able to find this person that I speak of, or he would not be willing to let the will go out of his hands."

"I understand; you buy the will only dat you may be certain."

"Yes, that is my object; but I am not willing to pay a great price for it."

"How much monish you give, eh?" inquired the broker, stroking his beard, reflectively.

"Not over five hundred dollars."

"Dat ish a goot price; dat ish, if I had the whole of it," Abrams said, slowly. "I know!" he exclaimed, suddenly, after quite a pause. "You wants dis will destroyed, eh?"

"Yes, but I must be sure that it is destroyed," Van Rensselaer said, meaningly. "I must see it with my own eyes."

"So you shall, my dear!" exclaimed the broker. "I have a plan. You hates this Royal Keene?"

"Yes!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed, bitterly.

"Revenge is sweet; you like revenge, eh? I give him to you."

"How?"

"I go to Mister Keene; I say to him: mine friend will buy the will; you come mit me in a carriage to his house. I carry him right here into dis room. He carries the will here in his breast-pocket; and the Jew indicated the locality by placing his hand upon it. "I hold him, you takes the will from him, put it in the gas—puff—leech the smoke—fire—the will is destroyed. You gives me five hundred dollars; you gives Royal Keene nothing, and you have revenge, eh?"

Van Rensselaer had listened attentively.

"Yes, but there are some serious difficulties in the way," he said. "In the first place, he will recognize this house the moment he sees it, and even if you succeeded in getting him inside, he is not the man to allow himself to be robbed without a struggle, and a hard one, too."

"Oh, mine goot friend, you listen to me!" exclaimed the broker. "Dat poor young man is so drunk as never was. He is so intoxicated dat his heart bleeds for him."

"Drunk?"

"Yes, if he wasn't so drunk I couldn't make five hundred dollars out of him."

"His old vice!"

"Oh, he is one walking whisky-barrel!" the Jew cried, with both hands uplifted.

"You think then that you can easily bring him here without danger of his discovering whether he is being carried?"

"Yes, mine goot friend; I ish sure of it."

"I accept your offer then; bring him here, place the will in my possession, and I will give you five hundred dollars."

"Dat ish a bargain!" cried Abrams. "I knew that we could make a trade."

"By the way," said Van Rensselaer, suddenly, "do you remember a certain note, purporting to be drawn by me and indorsed by Royal Keene, that you sold me about three years ago?"

"Oh, yes—I never forgets."

"Would you be willing to go on the witness stand and tell all you know in regard to the affair?"

"I no tell lies for anybody," replied the Jew, promptly. "You call me into court, I tells all I knows."

"That is all I want. When will you bring Keene here?"

"Right away."

"Here is the latch-key; you can let yourself in without the knowledge of the servants. Bring him in here; I will have every thing in readiness."

"Oh, it will be all right. I fix him!" And with this assurance the Jew departed.

Van Rensselaer looked around him with a smile of triumph.

"By heavens! the tide has turned!" he exclaimed. "At last the skies brighten. The will destroyed, my fortune is safe. Then by the aid of the Jew I will revive the old forgery charge, and send him, Keene, up the river to Sing Sing, where he will have plenty of time to meditate upon the folly of contending with me. I'll crush him without mercy."

The servant again interrupted Van Rensselaer's meditations by ushering Mr. Lawrence into the room.

Mr. Lawrence was a slender young gentleman, dressed in the extreme of fashion; he rejoiced in short-cut, yellow hair and extensive whiskers of the same hue. There was something about his face which reminded one of a poodle-dog's head.

Mr. Lawrence was extremely embarrassed upon beholding Van Rensselaer. Of course he was not aware that the servant had been instructed to show him into the library on purpose to meet that gentleman.

"Ah, Lawrence, good-evening!" exclaimed David, grasping him cordially by the hand.

"How d'you do?" stammered that worthy gentleman, in great confusion; "I expected to see Miss Clara here."

"She's up-stairs. Dolly, let me congratulate you" and Van Rensselaer again took the limp hand of the former. "There isn't a man in New York that I would sooner give Clara to than yourself."

"Yes, of course!" Lawrence wished himself a thousand miles away, for the purpose of his visit was, if possible, to induce Clara to release him from his promise.

"I suppose you read those newspaper articles to-day?" Van Rensselaer said, carelessly.

"Yes, I read 'em—of course you know—" and Lawrence came to a dead halt when he suddenly remembered that the articles were any but complimentary to his future brother-in-law.

"I intend to sue them all for libel," David said, speaking of his action as a matter of course.

"Sue 'em for libel!" stammered Lawrence, in utter astonishment, open-mouthed with wonder. "Why, I thought that the reports were true!" Then, as he saw the cloud gather on Van Rensselaer's brow, he suddenly concluded that he had made a rather awkward mistake.

"No, I don't mean that," he stammered; "I mean that—of course I—you know—I—" and then he broke down, helplessly.

"Yes, I've instructed my lawyer to bring suits against all of them. These newspaper fellows get very insolent sometimes. I'm going to teach them a lesson. A libel suit costs money, you know. When they find that I am really in earnest, the chances are ten to one that they will be glad to retract."

"Yes, of course; I suppose that you know all about it, but it always seemed to me that fighting a newspaper was a great deal like fighting a nest of bumblebees; the longer you fight the more you get stung, and when you succeed in capturing one, and go to close your hand upon it, you find that it isn't there."

This was quite a long speech for Lawrence to make, for ideas were never over and above plenty with him.

"I shall punish them for their insolence," Van Rensselaer said, sternly.

"It is all well enough for them to print their lies about common people, but when they come to the avenue it is about time to put a stop to it."

"Yes, but it always seemed to me that they rather delighted in a jolly good row, and when a fellow defies them, it's like shaking a red flag in the face of an angry bull."

"Not a bad simile, Lawrence," Van Rensselaer said, laughing. "But, I won't detain you any longer; you'll find Clara upstairs. She seems quite cut up about this unfortunate affair. If I were you, I should go up and comfort her. I suppose, of course, that this affair will make no difference with your engagement to my sister?"

Van Rensselaer's voice was smooth and gentle, but there was a certain tone in it that sounded unpleasant to the ears of Lawrence.

Mentally—in his mind's eye—Lawrence calculated the consequences of a "breaking off" with Clara—a suit for breach of promise—a history of the affair with ugly portraits of himself in all the illustrated papers. He shuddered at the very thought.

"Better the marriage than the lawsuit; of two evils, etc."

"Of course not—couldn't think of such a thing, you know; by-by," and Lawrence, in great tremor, bowed himself out, leaving the keen-witted, clear-headed Van Rensselaer to laugh over the success of his plan.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE LAST STROKE.

"FORTUNE is indeed smiling upon me!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed, in triumph. Then he took a little vial from his pocket and held it up to the light. "And I had provided myself with this, too, as a refuge from the disgrace of a prison. Rather death from the contents of this harmless-looking little object than live to meet the triumphant jeers of that villain Keene. But, since affairs look so well, I do not think that I shall need this little friend."

He replaced the poison in his vest pocket, sat down and rested his head upon his hand in meditation.

Time passed rapidly on.

At last he was disturbed in his meditation by the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall, and the voice of Abrams came to his ears.

"It must be the Jew and Keene!" he muttered, springing to his feet. He opened the door to give them entrance, concealing himself behind it until they had passed into the room.

Abrams supported the staggering form of

Keene into the room, and taxed all his efforts to keep that gentleman upon his legs, and to prevent him from disturbing the house with his drunken yells.

"Here—where am I—you old scoundrel?" Keene cried, boisterously, with a thickened utterance.

"Hush, my dear," said the Jew, soothingly.

"Where have you—hic—brought me to, anyway? Who's—hic—the proprietor of this ranche?"

"Don't make so much noise; you got de will, eh?"

"Course I have—hic—right here—in my breast-pocket," Keene answered.

Then, with a sudden motion, Abrams slipped his arms under Keene's, forcing them behind his back and holding him in a vice-like grip.

"Now then, my dear!" the Jew cried, to Van Rensselaer.

Quick as a hawk, darting on its prey, Van Rensselaer sprung forward and tore the will from Keene's pocket; then he thrust it into the flame of the gas with a loud, triumphant laugh.

Keene for a moment glared around him in helpless astonishment; and then, as if suddenly realizing that he had been entrapped and the precious paper stolen from him, attempted to free himself, but the Jew held him with a grip of iron.

"Aha, Royal Keene, the will is mine!" Van Rensselaer cried, as the paper crackled and blazed in the flame of the gas.

"Have I—hic—been betrayed?" Keene stammered, in drunken amazement.

"Yes, into my hands!" Van Rensselaer replied, in triumph. "See this precious paper—the will which was to rob me of half my fortune—the flame is reducing it to powder! There!" and he cast the burning fragment from him into the grate. "now it is ashes; all claim of Alice Van Rensselaer to my father's estate is gone. Even if the heir is living, and you can find her, it will avail you nothing."

Van Rensselaer's voice swelled loud in triumph, and with a defiant face he gazed upon his foe.

Suddenly a marvellous change came over Keene; the stolid, drunken face lost its vacant look. With apparent ease he shook himself loose from the hold of the Jew and burst into a ringing laugh.

Van Rensselaer started in amazement, and Abrams prudently took refuge behind a table, with his heavy cane poised in his hand as if he feared an attack.

"David Van Rensselaer, that will give you and your sister fifty thousand dollars!" Keene cried; "without it you can not inherit a single penny of your father's property. You have fallen into the trap that I have laid for you, and with your own hand beggared both yourself and sister!"

Van Rensselaer could hardly believe his hearing.

"You are mad!" he cried.

"Am I?" exclaimed Keene, scornfully. "Is it not strange then that the madman has so completely beaten you at your own game and with your own weapon? I wished by your own act that you should destroy your fortune. Abrams is my confederate. There is a little fact connected with your father's two marriages which I do not think that you are aware of. Just listen to me for a few moments and you shall see how utterly you have ruined yourself by destroying that will."

Van Rensselaer gazed upon Keene in sullen defiance. He could not guess what revelation was coming; nor could he conceive how his action in destroying the will could possibly work to his disadvantage, yet for Keene's triumphant words and manner he guessed that the coming blow was no light stroke.

"Your father, Philip Van Rensselaer, married his first wife, Sarah Gordon, in the village of Sandy Creek, New York, on the 12th of November, 1842. She died in that self-same village, on the 10th of January, 1844. He married your mother, Clara Brevoort, in the city of New York, on the 8th of January, 1844—just two days before his first wife died."

Van Rensselaer started, and the blood came to his lip, where the white teeth, convulsively clenched together, had pierced the flesh. Keene's words had cut the ground away beneath his feet. If Keene spoke the truth—and a sickening sensation at his heart convinced Van Rensselaer that he had—both himself and sister were, indeed, beggars.

Keene mercilessly enjoyed the agony so plainly apparent upon Van Rensselaer's face.

The second marriage being contracted while the first wife was living! Keene considered "is void—illegal. Both you and your sister, the issue of that marriage, are illegitimate, and without the will—which your own hand, remember, gave to the flames—you can not inherit a single penny of your father's property. All goes to the child by his first wife—Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer."

"But that child—you can not produce her—she is not living!" Van Rensselaer gasped.

"You are wrong," replied Keene, coolly; "the heir is living, and I can produce her. She was given to a woman named Gordon to bring up. She married, fled to New York, changed her name, and thus for a time baffled all efforts to find her. But, at last, the heir has come to light. Link by link have I forged the chain of evidence which will prove her identity beyond the shadow of a doubt. Even now the lost heir is near at hand. You shall see her and the witnesses who can prove her rights."

Keene strode to the door and flung it open. Hartright and the detective, Cranshaw, conducted a veiled lady into the room. Keene raised the veil, and Van Rensselaer, to his utter astonishment, beheld the face of Coralie York!

The young actress—the child of the streets, Sue, the Orange Girl—was, indeed, the lost heir, Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer!

In the interview with the woman, Keene had formed a suspicion that she was deceiving him by substituting the girl, whose whereabouts she did not know, for the one whom she had lost sight of. And when he wrote the name of Wilson down on the envelope, and the old woman unhesitatingly pronounced it to be the name of the woman who cared for the child, from what Coralie had told him of her life, he saw at once that she must be the heiress.

Van Rensselaer gazed for a moment into the face of Alice, then cast a rapid glance at Hartright. He realized that the game was lost. He quietly folded his arms over his breast but spoke not.

"You are satisfied that I have spoken the truth?" Keene asked.

Van Rensselaer bowed his head, silently.

"Oblige me all by retiring," Keene said. Silently they quitted the room, leaving Keene and Van Rensselaer alone. Keene closed the door, leaned against it, and addressed the other.

"David Van Rensselaer, I swore once that I would hunt you down until you stood upon the scaffold, but another will stays my hand. You are beaten to the earth in a fair fight. Bishop, your tool, was my man, a detective officer. I personated the Indian in the dance-house, also the Englishman in the gaming den. Alice is my betrothed wife; she bids me to spare you. She is more merciful than I. All she asks is the one-half of the estate bequeathed to her by the will. The rest she gives freely to Clara and yourself."

Van Rensselaer's lip quivered; for the first time since the crowning blow his face softened.

"Give to Clara what you like," he said, quickly. "All I ask for myself is a few hundred dollars to pay my passage to some foreign land, where, under another name, I can lead a new life. I thank both you and Alice for your mercy, and I hope that the money will bring more happiness to you than it has to me."

The division of the estate was made very quietly. No one in New York but those immediately concerned in the affair knew aught of it.

David Van Rensselaer disappeared very suddenly; no one knew where. He was never seen in New York again. Gotham had lost a son, and the empire of Brazil gained a subject.

Coralie and Keene were married; in their case true love at last ran smooth.

Hartright returned again to his mystic India; the savant, after seeing his beloved Alice happily married, had no longer a motive for remaining away from his adopted land.

Joe Oward still writes sensation articles; he has married the pretty Katie, and Mademoiselle Heloise no longer delights the patrons of the ballet.

Clara became Mrs. Lawrence, and is reported to have the finest diamonds in New York.

Jennie, the dance-house siren, was struck down by her brutal husband in a drunken fit. She never recovered from effects of the blow.

Sunshine to all but one of the girls, summoned "The Witches of New York."

THE END.

Right upon the wake of the very interesting novel, "The Witches of New York," will follow the new romance of heart-life from Mr. Aiken's pen, viz.:

A STRANGE GIRL; OR, HOW TRUE A WOMAN CAN BE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND MILLS AND HOMES.

Mr. Aiken's stories are so varied in character that each one may be said to be a surprise, but we think in this most charming heart and hand revelation the reader of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will experience a fresh sensation. It is a tale of marked power, beauty and pathos, and will be greatly admired.

Accidental Discoveries.—Some of the best discoveries and happiest experiments in the various branches of science have been made by chance.

Wait, the engineer, took the lobster's tail for his model, when he was constructing pipes to convey water to Glasgow from the opposite side of the Clyde.

Brunel, who constructed the tunnel under the Thames, took his first idea from the ship-worm, as he observed it perforate, with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in the other, till the arched way was complete, and then daub over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish.

The art of portrait painting is believed to have had its origin in an accident. Corinthus, a young girl of Sycon, discovered her beautiful lover asleep; the lamp which burned beside him cast the shadow of his profile on the wall; struck by the likeness, and inspired by love, she traced it, and thus produced the first specimen of that delightful art.

The hammer of a blacksmith suggested a subject for one of Haydn's best compositions.

An artist in vain tried to give the drapery about which he was employed in his picture the graceful folds which could alone satisfy him; vexed at his failure, he was about to put his painting away, when a servant entered the studio, and putting to rights such things as fell in his way, he threw his master's cloak across the stand; it fell into the graceful folds so much desired by the painter.

So an artist, in despair of imparting the expression of the excitement and heat of the chase to the noble horse he was painting, flung his brush impatiently away; it splashed upon the nostrils of the horse, and represented at once the foam, which was all that was required.

During a thunder-storm at the town of Digne, France, the house of an extensive vineyard proprietor was struck by lightning; the electric fluid penetrated to the cellars, bursting in its course several heads of wine; the wine thus spilled ran into a drain specially constructed for the preservation of wine upset by accident. The proprietor, believing at first that the wine

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MAJOR MAX MARTINE.

In the coming issue we commence the promised series of papers, by this noted Guide of the Plains. That they will possess the deepest interest for all classes of readers will be apparent from a glance at the following chapter heads of the earlier installments of

MOHENESTO;

OR,

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

CHAPTER I.

The author becomes a free-trapper. The frozen Indian. Novel method of drawing the frost. Little Beaver. Trapping in the Yellowstone country. Hot springs. A Po-der-ee. In a bear-trap. Taken captive by the Sioux. The council, and their decision. My companion burned at the stake. Wanted, a son-in-law. Life among the Sioux. The author joins the tribe. Married in haste.

CHAPTER II.

On the war-path. The war-path secret. The enemy surprised. The prisoners and their fate. The Tan Cross again. The author saves an Indian's life. A victim at the stake. Traits of character. Making a surround. The hero of the hunt. The fall hunt. The escape from captivity. Recollections. A Rip Van Winkle sleep. Labor and result. Fortunes lost.

CHAPTER III.

Trapping on Wind River. Trapping beaver. "Signs." Food and habits of the beaver. Beaver dams. Society among the beavers. Superstitions of the trapper. The labor of trapping. Tricks of the beaver. Dress of the trapper. A strange visitor. His story.

CHAPTER IV.

Among the "dusky maidens." My new partner A "scrimgage" with the Blackfeet. Again taken prisoner. Reception in the Blackfoot village. The council of death. Running the gamut. Escape to Tonguewamba. The Pawnee Indians. Scapes at a discount. Ready to roast. Saved from death by Indian masonry. Interpreter for the Blackfeet. Free Masonry among the Blackfeet. A white captive. Indian agents.

CHAPTER V.

My horse and dog. Horse Jim and Indian Jim. A disappointment. Unwelcome company. A bee-hive. Some pedigree. A good bedfellow. How it feels to him if you can. Jim as a hunter. Captured by the Cheyennes. A heavy wager. A game of cards for a life. Jim shows his horse-sense. Death of the Cheyenne chief. My dog, Beauty. The green-eyed monster. Breed of the "critter." A proverb verified. Beauty on the trail. Among the Sioux. Fun for the dog. In Memoriam.

CHAPTER VI.

First shot at an Indian. Hare Indians. Cold weather. Hungry times. A frozen nose. Horse-meat. Comforting a mourner. Deer Hunting. Still Hunting. "Good Indian me." How it feels to be scalped. A scalp-dance. Cheyenne eloquence. An original temperance lecture. A pint of whisky. The profits on a barrel of fire-water. Cause of Indian wars. Indian civil customs.

CHAPTER VII.

Guide across the mountains. The Cockney Englishman. Our reception among the Teton Sioux. Prairie dogs. Their villages and habits. The burrowing owl. Where they live. Rattlesnakes. Antidote for the bite. Practice what you preach. John Bull on the retreat. Two sides to a story. To the Columbia and back. Small-pox among the Indians. Treatment of it. Leaving the Sioux. A dose of truth. Reason in all things.

Later chapters detail Mr. Avery's connection with the great Fur Trading companies of the North-west, in which an immense deal of information is imparted upon the subject of furs, fur-hunting, etc.

A most notable feature of this contribution to the Literature of Wild Life in the Heart of the Continent is the revelations made concerning *Freemasonry among the Indians*, wherein the author proves the "Mystic Order" to have lodges in many an Indian Encampment—a very singular historical fact.

That these papers will be welcomed we can well understand. They certainly are among the most interesting and important contributions of the year to our popular literature.

MR. ALBERT W. AIKEN'S NEW ROMANCE,

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB:

A SEQUEL TO OVERLAND KIT, will be given, ere long. It is a very powerful romance of the Sierras, wherein the noted Kit reappears as the element of leading interest—an announcement over which a multitude of readers will be happy.

In this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we commence the captivating love romance, by Mrs. CROWELL, viz.:

THE WINGED MESSENGER.

The part which a Carrier Dove herein plays is not, we may say, at all improbable. The use made of pigeons, during the siege of Paris, proves that their usefulness as message-bearers is not overstated by our author. The romance is most happily timed for summer reading.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Word to Young Men.—The increased consumption of liquor in this country, means a decrease in the average of human life among us. The human body, at its best, can only sustain a given amount of excitement and wear. If, by the use of ardent spirits, the excitement of each day is intensified and the bodily energies are drained, it is as certain as the seasons that the body and mind so stimulated wear out rapidly in proportion to the amount of the abnormal tension on nerves,

secretory system and brain. That many liquor-drinkers sustain this drain for years is only a proof of their own hardness of constitution; no proof that liquor is harmless. On the contrary, the proof that liquor is very harmful, every drinker can attest, and the best observers are now agreed that, unless the use of spirits is abated, a serious deterioration in our national health, strength and longevity must ensue.

Some very curious experiments on this point are detailed by Dr. Richardson in a recent article published in the "Popular Science Monthly." We quote:

"By observation and experiment we learn that a healthy testotator averages 100,000 heart-beats in twenty-four hours, taking eight days together; commencing the ninth day by giving one fluid ounce of alcohol, the beats increased 340. On the tenth day two ounces gave an increase of 1872 beats. The eleventh day four ounces produced an addition of 12,960 beats; and so on up to the fourteenth day, when eight ounces increased the beats 25,488, being twenty-three per cent in excess of a healthy pulsation. The daily action of the heart without stimulus equaled the force required to lift 123 tons one foot from the ground. The last day of the experiment with eight ounces of alcohol the heart force was equal to 146 tons—an excess of 42 tons."

To those who drink liquor only moderately these facts are full of suggestiveness. The idea that moderate tipping is harmless is erroneous, for, besides that it paves the way to hard drinking—every drunkard once was a moderate drinker—it has every thing to do in accelerating the action of the heart and impairing good digestion. Downright drunkenness is not more hurtful to many bodies than daily tipping or an "occasional glass."

If our young men would step out on their life-rounds full of vigor and resource, they must, at the very outset of their career, abjure alcoholic drinks of all kinds. We have so many excellent drinks which are harmless that there is no necessity, under any plea, for resorting to spirit stimulants, and if the young man, at the start, will only give a peremptory *no* to every solicitation to "take a drink," he will have no trouble whatever in the matter.

It is a very sad sight to see a young man go up to a counter and call for a drink of liquor. The vista opens before you, and you see that now robust frame tremulous with dissipation—all the result of an occasional visit to the bar of some St. Nicholas Hotel or Delmonico restaurant. Resolve, young men, never to drink at such places; discourage your friends from going there and your conscience will have no accusing demon ever at your ear.

CONSISTENCY.

SOMEbody has written me—I shan't tell you who—that there was a county fair out West, where the premiums almost beat those awarded at Whitehorn's, and where the Judge gave ten dollars for the best bull, and one dollar for the best oil painting! Didn't that make me part my lips, and think the Judge was making a bull of himself? I am sorry that so many, seemingly small things, make me feel so badly, but I wasn't gifted with the sweetest temper, and though Dr. Watts has cautioned us not to "let our angry passions rise," I can't help it. The Lawless blood swells in my veins, and oozes out through my fingers and drops into my pen, from whence it flows onto my paper, and you get the result of it.

Well, wouldn't you be mad if you had spent many weeks of labor in endeavoring to bring a landscape to perfection, and had used up several pots of paints, with a deal more patience, to say nothing of many a coat of your own spoiled, and then have a ninety-hammer of a Judge award you one dollar, and let an old bull get ten times as much? If I'd been the one to be served in that manner, I should certainly have used a stronger word than "damn"—or I should have decidedly felt like doing so. It just shows what loggerheads are placed at these fairs, who are most unfair in their decisions.

You wouldn't have caught a woman making such a decision; the sex wouldn't have acknowledged such a fool—silly person; yet we women are not allowed to pass our judgments on such matters. Why not? I'll tell you: it is because there's a mortal dread that we'll estimate an oil painting higher than we will a bull! Yes, gentlemen, we could!

Some of these same gentlemen will ask those women, who are trying to gain a living, why they don't learn painting and sculpture and get a living at those arts. How kind! Ask them to do things that they won't allow them to do. They *won't*. When art is better appreciated than it is now, they'll do it.

Two young men resided in a country town, one a farmer, and the other a poet. Wouldn't you have thought that they both would have been equally well treated? Well, they were not. Farming was at a premium, and poetry at a discount. I knew them and liked them both.

But some busy, prying, meddling some being must get up a report that my poetical friend never paid his board, etc., etc. People generally listen to a tattler; there may be some fascination in it, though I never could discover it—and poor Mr. Poet was looked down upon, while the young farmer was thought to be almost perfection, and just because he could "dig taters," and other such work.

Now, don't think I'd underrate farmers or their doings, because I don't, and never have. I think each one is good in his proper sphere; but it is consistency to lower brain-work for the sake of elevating hand-work?

Were we all of one trade or calling, it would be rather a mixed-up world at best; so let every one be weighed in the balance, according to his or her deserts. Yet if you consider a bull to be better than an oil painting, you'll hear me "mapping" again. Cultivate a taste for art, and pay well for it, and there'll be more contentment among our sex, for they love the beautiful, and will rush to art as a means of subsistence.

Well, I must put on my opera-cloak, and hear Nilsson in opera. "Naughty, bad place, and none but naughty, bad people go there," you say. Well, dear, I want to go and see how naughty, bad folks behave. That may not be consistency, but it really is.

EVE LAWLESS.

AMBITION.

JOURNEYING through this somewhat uphill life of ours, we all of us have an ambition of some kind, and it is to be regretted that we must add, it is often more an ambition to amass property than any thing else. We want to be where we can have

plenty of "filthy lucre," so that we can be looked up to, believing that money does make the man, despite the adage which says it does not.

No matter how illiterate a person may be, how vulgar in his tastes, nor how suspicious the company he keeps; these are all overlooked, for the sight of his greenbacks covers all his unworthiness, and ten out of a dozen will envy him. They will be ambitious to be like him.

To excel one in the elegance of clothing, and the lavish display of finery, seems to be the end of some people's ambition, and for this they will work hard, and then think they should be praised when it is accomplished.

But these are selfish ambitions; they are merely to gratify themselves, and do not confer any good or benefit on others.

No, we are not all selfish in our desires. Look at some of the young men in our colleges. Of course I mean those who are dependent on their own exertions to gain an education. Theirs is no flowery path to tread. Are they above work? Do they consider it beneath them to accomplish manual labor, because they are going along bravely in their studies, and are gaining high praises from their teachers?

To answer the question, let us look on some of these young men in their vacations. We do not find them idling away their time and wasting their precious hours. No; we will find some of them sawing at a wood-pile, working just as proudly as their honest hands will let them. It is no dishonor to them; their teachers will not think less of them, and in the bright future, when we shall hear of them—for we shall hear of them, and in goodly terms, too—we shall not hold them any meaner in our estimation, because we know their hands were made rough by honest toil. They have a noble ambition—an ambition to gain knowledge, so that they may impart it to others—and it is an ambition we all should imitate.

F. S. F.

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.

WE are pained to announce the decease of one of our most estimable citizens—MR. GEORGE DEXTER, so long and so favorably known in this country in connection with the News business, and so endeared to thousands of friends by his kindness of heart and integrity of character. Literally, a self-made man, he was the type of a true gentleman, neither proud of his eminent success nor passing by even the lowliest of men in his good words and deeds. When such a life goes out it leaves a sweet memory behind which ennobles human nature, and makes us realize that a life rightly spent is a precious heritage, both to the dead and the living.

The *Bookeller's Guide* thus adverts to its loss in his death:

"It is our sorrowful duty to record the death of our beloved friend and associate, George Dexter, who died at Geneva, Switzerland, on the 16th of July. Mr. Dexter was traveling in Europe for the benefit of his health, which had been poor for several years. The letters which have been constantly received from him since his departure have all spoken of the favorable influence of his journey, and the short telegraphic message announcing his death was a painful surprise. Mr. Dexter was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1829, and was therefore in the sixty-third year of his age. He had been engaged in business in this city since 1858, and was connected with The American News Company since its formation. By his death we lose a true friend and valued associate in business, whose sound judgment and good heart we could wish always to have retained; but, in our sorrow at his death in a distant land, we feel that the loss is all our own, and we rest in the hope that, in leaving us, our friend has gone to a better world."

THE DIFFERENCE.

THERE is a certain sort of hearty good will existing between man and man which the other sex might do well to emulate.

But women—bless their sensitive organizations!—can't be coerced, driven, or bribed, to renounce the exclusive strictures of society laws; they will never take a step to establish the universal freedom system which, oh, horrors! might send them down the inclined plane of intellectual ability until they stand on a level with their own mantuamakers.

Fancy being browbeaten by some upstart of a working girl, who, likely as not, has never even peeped inside the circle of the *beau monde*. Intolerable, of course! Manifestly, it is decidedly improper for any female belonging to the practically useful order to possess enough brain power to assert her own independence and right of individual and social equality. Since such cases do occur now and then, it is a work of duty, if not of love, that ladies of fashion unite to enforce the Gradgrind policy—to put them down!

Don't think of going back on philanthropic principles, ladies! Don't let that pretty bubble of disinterested humanitarianism float from the clasp of your tender fingers! There's nothing so beautiful as womanly charity, and there's nothing so pleasant as exercising the virtue than making a display of other people's exertions.

Fancy fairs and calico balls are excellent institutions for the purpose. There are plenty of poor seamstresses and the like who are ready to jump at the chance of making up pretty nick-nacks for a tithe of the sum which the fair philanthropists have deluded out of masculine pockets in the cause of sublime charity. Then it is so notably a self-sacrifice to stand behind a dainty little table laden with exquisite fol-de-rols, and deal them out at exorbitant prices to the young whiskeradoes, whose lightness within the cranium is counterbalanced by the solidity of "the governor's" bank account. Regarding the balls, none but experts know how deliciously bewitching French calico costumes can be made, or what a luxury is permissible in the way of trimming and cut cameo or coral buttons—these to be retained by the wearer, understand. If to cap the climax, the dress itself can be smuggled into the hands of one's maid in lieu of a week's wages, the grand desideratum of uniting charity with economy has surely been attained.

If the poor, in whose behalf you have thus labored so faithfully, have temerity sufficient to importune you for any kind of aid after reading your name in the published list of public benefactors, just refer to the sum total realized, and send them off to the mythical society supposed to have charge of the funds. It's the easiest method of getting rid of such beggars, and is by far more ladylike than to give an unequivocal refusal, besides the pleasure and satisfaction of keeping up the delusion.

Men, you know, are of "grosser mold," and are apt to handle plain facts without gloves. If a street-sweep begs for a penny, ten to one that a man will bestow a fractional currency without the least particle of ostentation, or without stopping to consider whether or no his act will be observed and properly accredited.

Then, again, a man will light his cigar from the stub of a stranger's without a care whether it be a penny Toby or a prime Havana. The freemasonry of masculine sympathy is very apt to override the pride of caste and exalted station.

Who has not noted the difference between the sexes when it comes to a matter of courtesy or accommodation? For my part, if I want a scrap of information or a trivial favor, you don't catch me applying to any of the sisterhood so long as a pair of boots and an overcoat chance to be in sight.

I shall not impale myself on the jagged edges of limited proprieties by appealing to a figure in crinoline and puffed skirts, when I'm sure of prompt attention and courtesy on the other side.

Surely it's more comfortable to be the recipient of the off-hand cordiality which a man will always give, rather than the surprised stare and lisp'd "excuse me" too often accorded by the softer sex. J. D. B.

Foolscap Papers.

Letter from Dr. Hall.

In the Upper Regions, Aug., 1872.

FRIEND WHITEHORN:—I have just whittled down a piece of ink to write you a letter, which I shall put in an empty bottle—we have a few—and drop in the sea for you, although you will be disappointed to find the bottle contains such dry matter.

How do you do down in the lower regions to-day? and are you suffering from the heat much, or do you expect to?

This is the mildest day we have had this season, and the thermometer shows only three hundred and sixty degrees below zero, or ten and a half feet. For a few days back we were compelled to tie a whole boxful of thermometers together before we could tell how cold it was; and we could hold a red-hot piece of iron in our hands without feeling it—unless it felt like a piece of ice. We took turnabout in sleeping on the red-hot stoves at night, and nothing could be drunk except melted lead, for water froze in our throats before it got down, whereby we have lost several men. You will also imagine that a good deal of liquor has been chewed up.

But, thanks to the weather-crow, it has moderated somewhat, and it now takes two minutes for the hollow wake or trough which the vessel leaves behind to freeze up; it used to freeze immediately. The very air froze so that we could chop large chunks out of it with axes, and we were obliged to breathe it down in pieces, cut to suit, and you could hear it rattle in our lungs when we shook ourselves.

It was the worst case of bad cold we ever had in our lives.

To-day we have been able to melt ice on a stove heated seven times hot, and wash our faces in boiling water, and even then the water came near freezing us to death. We are so near being thawed out that we are able to move our hands and feet a little, but we dare not try to make any kind of a stir much, for fear we might break ourselves all up into little pieces. Our blood shows some signs of beginning to move along our veins; for a long time we have had frozen hearts and the blood couldn't move.

As I said before, it is now three hundred and sixty degrees below zero, cold enough yet to freeze a man to death sixteen times every minute, and yet the Esquimaux which we have on board complain terribly of the hot weather, and lie around in shady places on the deck, dressed in thin linen, fanning themselves and breaking out with perspiration. They say it is the greatest heat in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. They are dreadfully afraid of being sunstruck, and wear pieces of ice in their hats, and pray for a freeze. They say if it don't get pleasant weather they will die soon. They have begun to pack themselves in ice to try and live it out as long as they can. Poor fellows; I really do pity them, but I haven't a warm feeling in my bosom for them, for that would be impossible. We can't give them any thing but cold looks anyway, neither can we shed a tear, for tears would freeze in our eyes, and we would have to take them out with a fork.

It is quite impossible for us even to get into any thing like a heated argument, and it is very dangerous for us to look at any object, because as soon as our eyes fall upon it they freeze fast to it, and it is with great difficulty that we can remove them without chiseling them off; and, even when our thoughts touch upon any subject, they freeze to it. A bucket of water thrown into the air not only freezes immediately but freezes fast up to them in the air and stays there.

We dare never shut our eyes, for if we did our lids would be sure to freeze shut, and then we would have to get them pried apart with a crowbar.

I have taken the trouble to put some of this cold water in a bottle, which I send along with the one containing this letter: boil the bottle in red-hot water for two or three days before you attempt to open it, and don't be careless about it and open it in a room, for it will freeze you to death, and, perhaps, all the people in your vicinity. There is enough cold weather in this single bottle to seriously affect the temperature of the whole Eastern States, and cause a heavy frost, which would be a serious thing on the crops. Be careful with it, I implore you.

The North Pole has been visible for several days above the horizon at the north, and we shall be there before long, as we manage to get over a good deal of ice.

We are now so high up that we can look all over the lower world, and we shall have an easier time in returning, for we can slide down like we used to on old Brown's cellar door, only more so.

It is my intention to cut the North Pole down and take it home with me, and have it made up into canes, for I think it has troubled the world long enough.

I have a monkey-wrench along, with which I shall readjust the gearing of the earth and fix it so that we have June for four months, and September the same length, while the other months will be correspondingly shortened. I shall make the motion nicer, because the world runs roughly for a good many people.

I wish you could send me some of your warm weather.

Yours coldly,
P. S.—Oh, for a burning shame!

DR. HALL.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received for future orders are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for non-retention of MSS. of any nature is precluded in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit, or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as to copy; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, bearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can not use these contributions, and return them where stamps were inclosed for such return, viz.: "An Everyday Story," "The Son Outwitted," "Eph. Mula's Disappearance," "Wanted," "To a Hired Girl," "The Last Ride," "A Snowstorm in August," "The Mill by the Hill," "Mrs. Prettytop's Party," "A Ghost in a Ball-room," "Pretty Jane," "The Indian Wife."

The following we will place on the accepted list and use as soon as convenient, viz.: "On the Lake," "Land of the Beautiful," "Autumn," "Baby Elephant's Possum Hunt," "Crusade of the Firefly," "An Offer," "Murderer's Fate," "The Break of Day," "Pete's Exploit," "Big Injun," "Under the Spangles."

The three MSS. by Mrs. Frances S. S. are held for postage due.

The serial, "Four Hands and Two Hearts," is not available. Author will please call.

The series of sketches "Among the Hills" would be unseasonable before we could find place for them.

STAB-STANGLED BANNER. No prices were awarded at the Boston Jubilee.

TWO CONSTANT READERS. Edward S. Ellis has written about twenty of Beadle's Dime Novels. We do not know what the "Double Duel" will cost.

OLD CONTRIBUTOR. Kit Carson died about two years since.

T. M. R. We know of no cure for bunions. They are sometimes removed by chiropodists. They can be ameliorated by several well-known preparations, but not cured.

F. H. D. The California Sketch is good, but we have so much on hand of its kind that we have to say no to it. Send it to some other paper.

W. H. M. We place your little MS. on the accepted list. The serial referred to we will, of course, examine, if you see proper to submit it, but we can give no orders in the matter.

A. I. We say no to two of the contributions sent. They both are very defective rhythmically.

W. W. R. You are not yet qualified to write for the press—having no correct knowledge of the laws of composition.

JAS. C. R. Portuguese is the language usually spoken at Rio de Janeiro.

GAZELLE. A series of recipes for cologne are given in the Dispensary—the best of which are these: 1. Oil bergamot (Sander's), 1 fl. oz.; oil lemon and oil cedar, of each 1 fl. dr.; oil rosemary flowers, and oil neroli (No. 2), of each 1 fl. dr.; oil bergamot, 10 to 15 drops, camphor 1 scruple; spits, deodorized, ½ gal. Add q. s. aqua. 2. Oil sandalwood, oil orange, oil cedar, of each 1 fl. dr.; oil bergamot, 1 fl. dr.; oil cedar, 1 fl. dr.; oil cloves and oil Eng. lavender, of each 3 fl. dr.; camphor, 10 grs.; deodorized spirits, 3 pint. Aqua q. s. 3. Oil Eng. lavender, 3 fl. drms.; oil bergamot and oil cedar, of each 1 fl. dr.; oil verbena, 1 fl. dr.; oil rose "Opt.", 5 drops; deodorized spirits, 1 pint. Aqua q. s. 4. Oil lavender (Eng.), 1 fl. oz.; oil bergamot and cedar, of each 1 fl. dr.; deodorized spirits, 2 pints. Aqua q. s. Subsequent filtration with magnesia may be necessary to obtain clearness. Fancy names can, of course, be given to any of these colognes.

ALPINE. The Boomerang is a weapon peculiar to the Aborigines of Australia, in whose hands it is very destructive. 2. The Sarbacane is a means of shooting arrows without the aid of a bow; and we have a very curious and interesting account of the tribes of South America prior to the introduction of gunpowder. It is made of a hollow reed about nine feet long and an inch thick. In it is lodged a small arrow, with some leaden point around the front end; this confines the air, so that it can be blown with great rapidity and with sure aim to a distance of over a hundred yards. The arrows were always poisoned.

A WIFE can take out wine stains from linen by immersing the linen in boiling milk. 2. Cod liver oil is beneficial in the early stages of consumption; consult a physician.

READER. Logwood is imported from Honduras and Yucatan, where it is one of the principal articles of commerce.

TRAVELER. No: the island of Jamaica was discovered by Christopher Columbus.

SMALL BOY. Shadows on the wall are made by getting a head or figure, either sketched or printed, and cutting out the head or figure, and holding it up to the wall with the light behind them.

S. E. G. You will find the following an excellent remedy to chapped lips: Take a small quantity of oil of sweet almonds, two ounces of white wax and a piece of camphor the size of a hickory nut; melt and perfume to suit.

LOTTA. Fort wine jelly is prepared by taking a half-pint of port wine, one ounce of isinglass, one ounce of gum arabic, and one ounce of loaf sugar; let it simmer fifteen minutes, then strain it through a fine sieve, and add a few drops of lemon juice. Gum and isinglass are dissolved, then pour into molds.

MARY. Aromatic shrubs and flowers sown in silken bags and interlined with muslin, or in drawers, will preserve linen from damp and insects. Roses, cedar shavings or sassafras will do.

NURSE. Yes; the extracts of beef are decidedly preferable to the old method of making beef-tea for invalids.

HOUSEKEEPER. To take ink stains out of a colored tablecloth, dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a tea-cup of hot water; rub the stained part well with the solution.

INQUIRER. Ladies' dresses should be chosen so as to produce an agreeable harmony; avoid extremes at all times.

R. R. G. The red cement used in cementing glass to metals, is useful for a variety of purposes. It is made by melting five parts of black rosin, one part of beeswax, and then stirring in gradually one part of fine red ochre, previously well dried. This cement requires to be melted before use.

JOHN L. J. Invitations to balls or evening parties should be given at least a week beforehand. 2d. Do not wear rings on the outside of your gloves. That is vulgar.

CAROLINE K. A sheet of finely-perforated zinc substituted for a pane of glass, is the cheapest and best form of ventilation for bedrooms, showers, and bath-rooms.

STUDENT. Anglo-Japanese work is an elegant and easy domestic art. Take yellowish leaves, dissolve gum, black paint

BY THE LAKE.

BY GEORGE.

Well remembered, the eve, unforgotten the hours
That I lay on a bank by the lake,
Inhaling the fragrance that rose from the flowers
Which bloomed into petals and flake.
When sudden, on turning, I first saw the face
With sun-stricken cheeks round her head,
And I felt from that hour you were mine, mine,
Grace—
Oh, Grace! are you dead? are you dead?
Oh, off while the angels were lighting the stars
We have floated, soft, over the lake,
And our oars turned the stars into tremulous bars
As we left them disturbed in our wake;
And when all was still as death on the hill,
And the voices of singers had died,
Then cheek pressed to cheek and lips touched
And—
Are you dead, oh, Grace! are you dead?
No flower in the woods but knew well her face;
No bird but for her sang its charms;
And the pines sighed the softer, if checking her
Pace,
She passed, beneath their shadowing arms,
And earth was the brighter for having her here,
And heaven wore smiles that are sped,
And one heart I wot of beat happy and clear—
Are you dead, Grace! are you dead?

Lilian's Loss.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE sun never shone brighter, the trees
were never greener, nor the birds more mu-
sical than that bright day in "Jenny June"
which saw a merry party rambling over the
hills and hollows of Duck Island.
And there was not a sweeter face or a
brighter eye in that gay garden of girls
than those of Lilian Fay, as she stood with
her costly robes fluttering about her, the
center of a little group of animated talkers.
"Oh, I would rather be dead than poor!"
she cried, her brown eyes sparkling. "If
ever papa loses his money, I shall just want
to die!"
"But, Lilian, there are worse things than
being poor," said one young lady.
"No, no, there is nothing worse," persisted
Lilian, "than to have to work hard, and
wear shabby old clothes, and not have a
thing when you wanted it—oh, no, there
can't be any thing worse than that."
"You won't marry a poor man," laughed
one of her young friends.
"Not I—not unless I were certain of
enough for both of us. I love in a cottage,
wouldn't attract me, unless there was plenty
of money, too. But, come, at this rate we
shall never explore Duck Island, so here we
go!"

And the merry group began to scatter in
different directions over the verdant island.
One young man remained motionless, with
folded arms and stern mouth, leaning against
a huge tree.

Lilian Fay's careless words had fallen like
ice upon his heart, for he loved Lily Fay—
and he was poor.
Spite of that he had cherished a wild
hope that some day he might win and wear
this peerless Lily—bust and vain he
knew it now to be, for had she not declared
she would not marry a poor man?

With a low sigh and a bitter smile, Law-
rence Gray sternly shut his heart against
Lilian Fay's sweet image, and sought to
banish it forever.

And Lily? Did she miss him? She was
proud, this willful Lily of mine—she could
not wear her heart upon her sleeve, where
all the world might see. If it ached, she
kept still and gave no sign of it—she tripped
along her smooth path as gayly as if pain
and poverty were the creatures of another
world.

By and by Lawrence Gray spoke a quiet
good-by to Lily Fay, and went away to a
distant city, to join the vast army who
struggle for wealth and fame.

But wealth and fame are hard to win,
and for years fortune pressed him hard in
the field. He would not yield to her, so at
last the fickle goddess changed her mind
and yielded to him.

A bright, new sign over a handsome
building bore in large gilt letters the names
of Gray and Gilmore, and after a season of
steady prosperity Lawrence Gray began to
feel that he was laying a firm basis for
fortune.

It is quite true, and quite sad, also, that
in the busy race for fortune men often lose
sight, in a great degree, of old home ties.

Lawrence Gray did not hear often from
his native place, and scarcely knew what
changes time had worked there.

But he often thought of Lily Fay, and
some day, when he grew a little richer, he
meant to return home, find Lily, and ask
her to share his happiness.

He knew her well enough to be sure that
she was not so heartless as her careless
words made her appear.

"No, she was worth a good man's loving,"
said he, "and if misfortune ever comes to
her, I know she will face it with a brave
and not a coward heart."

It chanced at last that one of the sales-
women in Gray and Gilmore's got married,
as women sometimes will, and left a vacant
place. There were immediate applications
for it—alas! in a great city there are many
more applicants than places for them to fill
—but none, as yet, quite came up to the ne-
cessary requirements.

One morning Lawrence Gray sat alone in
his office, when a clerk came to say that
another lady had called to see about the
place.

Lawrence requested the clerk to conduct
her to him, and rose respectfully, as the
lady, dressed in deep black, came into the
office.

"Good-morning, madam," said he.
With a quick exclamation of surprise the
lady threw up her veil, and looked full at
him.

"Lawrence!"
"Lily!" The words fell simultaneously
from their lips, and then for a moment they
both stood speechless.

Lawrence was first to recover himself.
"Miss Fay!" he cried, extending one
hand in welcome, and offering her a chair
with the other, "this is an unexpected plea-
sure, I assure you! The young man thought
you called for the vacant position in the
store."

"I did," said Lily, in a low, firm voice.
"But how—I mean, why—Miss Fay, I
really do not understand," said Lawrence.

"It is the old story," said poor Lily, firm-
ly, and with dignity, though her cheeks were
crimson. "I lost my dear father and all my
money—I deserved it—you know how proud
I was—and I came here six months ago to
find work."

"And have not found it?" asked he, com-
manding his voice with difficulty.
"Not yet—unless—oh, Mr. Gray, do you
think I can fill the place vacant here?"

"Do you think you would like to be a
saleswoman in a store?"

"I don't know—I must not stop for what
I like, now—it is a question of necessity,"
said Lily, making a strong effort for firm-
ness.

"Well, Miss Lilian, I don't think the po-
sition here would suit you at all—but I
know of one in another establishment which
I am certain I can procure for you, if you
will take it."

"Oh, I will take any thing I can do,"
cried Lily.

"Very well—the duties of the place,
though very important, will not be heavy."

"But—if it is a responsible position, per-
haps I shall not suit," said Lily, doubtfully.

"It is quite responsible, but I am certain
you will suit. Miss Lily, if you will tell me
where I may call for you, I will bring my
buggy and take you to see the place this af-
ternoon, and you may consider yourself
engaged already."

With many thanks, Lily gave him the ad-
dress of the humble home in Cherry street,
where she lodged, and then left him, eager
to shut herself in her own little chamber
and think of the strange chances of the
morning.

About four o'clock Lawrence Gray handed
Lily to a seat in his handsome buggy,
and drove to a pleasant street, where he
stopped before the door of a somewhat ele-
gant residence.

"This is the place," said he.

"But this is a private house," said Lily.

"Yes—that is one reason I thought you
would prefer the place," said he, smiling.

He led her up the steps, opened the door
without ringing, and showed her into a
handsome parlor.

Lily gave him a look of surprise, which
he answered immediately:

"Yes, I am very much at home, you see;
in fact, Lily, dearest girl, this is my home,
and I want to make it yours. The place I
offer you is that of my own, darling, cher-
ished wife. Oh, Lily, will you take it?"

Poor Lily was so utterly overcome that
she covered her face with her hands, and
dropped back in the soft chair where he had
placed her, without a word.

And Lawrence knelt beside her, taking
the little hands in his, while in a few swift,
loving words, he told her the whole story
of his heart, beginning with the love of
years ago.

And as poor Lily listened, her whole heart
went out in yearning tenderness to such
generous love.

Poor little wanderer! The world had
used her ill and made her weary. Here were
rest, home and love offered to her—do you
wonder that she accepted them?

She did accept, and as Lawrence could see
no reason for an hour's delay, they had a
quiet little wedding in church that very
day, and Lily entered upon the duties of
her new position at once.

And so Lily's loss became her great gain,
for it gave to her earth's best blessing, a
happy, happy home.

THE
Winged Messenger:OR,
RISKING ALL FOR A HEART.

BY MARY REED CROWELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBON MASK," "OATH-BOUND,"
"LOVE-BLIND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET.

THE brilliant winter afternoon was draw-
ing near its sunset. All day the sun
had shone brightly on the white, freshly-
fallen snow that lay in sloping piles in the
streets and now, as the flaming and ruby
tints of the coming eve lent their rich glow,
all the landscape seemed glorified as by a
divinely fair presence.

It seemed a time, a place, for sweet, rest-
ful thoughts; for innocent joyousness, and
merry gaiety; the occasional peals of girlish
laughter, or the shouts of deeper voices,
told, all along the pretty village streets,
that merriment reigned somewhere, if not
in all places.

And yet, while all Bechcrest was happy
and gay, the fairest of them all, the belle of
the little village, whom the girls all envied
while they could not but love, and the
sterner sex admired where they dared not
adore, was walking the floor of her room,
with flashing eyes and haughty, compressed
lips; her proud little head thrown back in
indignant contempt, her white fingers rest-
lessly lacing themselves in and out.

Then, suddenly pausing by a little writing-
desk, she drew from a drawer paper and
pen, and rapidly wrote a line or so.

"Arch, dearest, please tell me what I must
do. He has been here not ten minutes ago, and
when I refused to see him, my mother bade me
remain in my room, a prisoner, till I should
consent to tell him I would marry him. Arch,
what shall I do? You know I hate Ellis Dor-
rance even more than I fear him; you know I
never will be false to you."

"I send this by Lily, our white-winged mes-
senger, as usual. Arch, I wait your advice."

"As ever,
FLORENCE."

Then, inclosing the note in an envelope,
and tying a ribbon securely, with many a
tender caress she fastened it around the
neck of a sweet-eyed bird, a snowy carrier
dove, pure as Florence's own girlish heart.

"Now, my Lily, straight to him who
awaits you!"

Then raising the sash, she allowed the
bird to go, on swift, graceful wings, home-
ward bound.

But the sparkle had not left her eyes, nor
the flush her cheeks, when she resumed her
walk to and fro.

"To be treated so! to be compelled—no,
attempted to be coerced—in these days, into
a marriage so distasteful as this proposed
one! Mary Ellis Dorrance? Never, though I
die in this room, a starved prisoner! Arch
Chesson has my heart, and I feel he
will find some way for me to escape."

She seated herself in a pretty little chair,
cushioned with some dainty material that
well set off her clear, dark complexion and
large, dark eyes.

Florence Arbuthnot was called a pretty
girl; and certainly she looked very beauti-
ful that afternoon in her elegantly simple
house-dress of dark-green poplin, fitting so
perfectly her graceful figure, and trailing
off in stylish folds around her.

Her hair was very soft, and of a dark,
bright brown, with a wave running through
it; and her expert fingers could arrange
it in a variety of styles that drew the other
girls to envious desperation.

To-day she had curled it, and then drawn
it back and fastened it with a large pearl

and gold comb, allowing little tendrils of
curls to escape wherever they chose.

A half-hour passed; then came a quick
step along the hall, and then an authorita-
tive knock on the door brought back the
scarlet bloom that was fading from her face
as she sat there, in the now gathering twi-
light, thinking of Mr. Chessom.

"It is I, Florence. I am coming in."

It was Mrs. Arbuthnot's voice.

"Very well. Only I see no need of an-
nouncing the fact, seeing as the door was
locked on the outside."

There was a quiet scorn in her tones as
the lady unlocked the door on the inside,
and then sat down in a dusky corner by the
fire.

"I don't like to do this, Florence; I think
you can dislike it no more than your father
and I do. Only, Florence, so long as it is
decided you are to marry Mr. Dorrance, and
you are so obstinate—"

"I am obstinate, and I never will marry
him. Why do you insist on what I declare
is an impossibility?"

She burst impetuously forth, growing
angry at the calm smile on the lady's face.

"Because I have heard young ladies talk
so before, Florence, and have seen them
marry their especial aversions after all, just
as I intend you shall."

There was a horrible strength in the mild
assertion that chilled the girl's heart, though
she was not alarmed.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Arbuthnot, "I have
arranged with Mr. Dorrance for the wed-
ding."

Florence sprang from her chair, her
whole frame quivering in excitement and
indignation.

"Mother! if, indeed, you are—are you
my mother?"

She asked the question suddenly, almost
sharply, as she gazed through the gloom on
the lady's face.

But now the twilight had become too
deep for her to see the white pallor that
spread, as by magic, over Mrs. Arbuthnot's
face, or to note the sick, terrified gleam of
her gray eyes.

Then a low laugh—a little forced—issued
from the thin, grayish white mouth.

"What an absurd question! I think it
deserves no answer. Rest assured no one
but a mother would have borne with you as
I have done."

"Because," went on Florence, ignoring
the latter clause, "I never can remember
the time when you treated me as a loving,
unselfish mother would. I've thought of it
often and often, and as you said, thought
how absurd was the idea. But like a revela-
tion it has come to me this moment—you
are not my mother!"

"Florence, I will not permit this talk!"

"There it is that motherlike? would you
not laugh and kiss me, and think I was
joking, if you were my mother? Would you
try to sell me, body and soul, to a man
I hate, if I were your child? Before God,
I declare my solemn belief that I do not be-
long to you!"

Mrs. Arbuthnot had gained complete
control of herself now, and as she struck a
match and lit the gas, she was the impen-
sation of wounded dignity.

"Florence, we will not discuss so ridicu-
lous a question. I came up-stairs to tell you
that Mr. Dorrance is in the parlor, and that
your father and I demand you to go to him,
like a dutiful daughter."

"I'll go to him, yes," flashed Florence;
and "I'll read him such a lesson as he never
heard before."

She turned disdainfully away from the
lady, but Mrs. Arbuthnot followed her,
and laid her finger on her arm.

"Remember what I have said, Florence
Arbuthnot. You refuse Mr. Dorrance at
your peril!"

Her voice was almost a hiss, as she whis-
pered in the girl's ear, and Florence caught
a momentary green gleam of the gray eyes,
as she shook off the cold hand.

"I shall refuse him undoubtedly. I de-
test him now, if I never did before, and he
shall know it."

Like an empress she swept down the
stairs, and into the parlor, and stopped full
under the blazing glare of the chandelier.

"Mr. Dorrance, what is it you want of
me?"

Her cold, curt, yet perfectly polite tones,
made it very awkward for his proposed love-
making. But Ellis Dorrance was a man of
the world, well versed in courteous usages;
one whom little things were not apt to an-
noy.

He was certainly a very handsome man,
at a first, sweeping glance, with his tall,
elegant figure, attired in the most faultless
style, the pale, haughtily-attained features,
and the startlingly black hair, eyes, brows and
beard. Any one would have pronounced
him very fine-looking at first, and then, lit-
tle by little, was revealed the keen, sinister
light in his eyes, the cold, crafty expression
of his face, and the unprincipled, licentious
curve of his mustached mouth.

With a faultless bow, he rose from a chair
he had been occupying during that inter-
view above-stairs.

"Thank you—no. I have but five min-
utes to devote to you, and I can stand that
short time."

She waved away the camp-chair he had
brought.

"But I fear, my dear Miss—"

"You need fear nothing, sir, as I fear no-
thing. Avoid preliminaries, and let me know
what it is you wish."

Their eyes met in a steady gaze—Florence's
fiery and defiant; his tender and seech-
ing, and she felt a thrill of disgust
tremble over her.

"I will tell you what I came to say—that
I love you very truly, and beg to be hono-
red by being accepted by you as your lover."

A contemptuous smile flitted over Flo-
rence's face. Then she grew stern and dark
again.

"Is that all? because I can answer as
readily as you have asked; although I doubt
if I have taken so much trouble to prepare
and learn it by rote."

She paused a second, and Dorrance took
instant advantage of it.

"Your parents have given me their cor-
dial approval; I hope I am not distasteful
to you. What more can I ask than that
you will love me?"

"You need ask nothing, Mr. Dorrance;
we are both of us assuming a cordiality we
neither feel. You know as well as I can
tell you, that I care nothing for you, that I
never will. You know my parents, as you
term them, are determined to bring about
this marriage. But, Mr. Dorrance, once,
and for all, I give you my answer in words,
as you have had it for months in my con-
duct: I will not marry you."

She bowed, as if to end the matter then
and there, but Ellis Dorrance caught her

hand, almost rudely, as she turned to
go.

"But I had not expected this, Florence!
This is so cruel, so harsh of you, when you
know I love you, yes, worship you so!"

A derisive little smile curled her red lips.
"I hardly think your heart is likely to
break. But if it did, I could not change
my mind. I dislike you exceedingly, and
this pressing of a distasteful suit is not like-
ly to enhance my regard for you."

His brow grew ominously dark; and, al-
though Florence did not look directly at
him, she felt the hot glare of his eyes.

"Florence!" and then by the altered tone
of his voice, she knew there was something
coming; so she straightened her head, and
strengthened her heart, resolved to fight to
the very last.

"As you said, we need not play at cross-
purposes. I was as well aware of the con-
dition of your affections six months ago as
I am this moment. I knew you loved a
young man, whose pretty face has won
what you suppose to be your love. I knew
that you were engaged to Archer Chessom,
and yet this knowledge did not, will not de-
termine me from my plans."

He paused, possibly enraged by Florence's
elaborately polite attention and sarcastic
smile.

"Nor do I intend relinquishing what I
have in view. I love you, Florence Arbuth-
not, with a fervor your lover or yourself
can never comprehend. I have your pa-
rents' consent to win you, and make you
my wife; more, I have their sworn promise
that you shall be my wife, and I intend it
shall be so! If you will be mine, well and
good; I offer you a loyal love, a good home,
and as happy a life as any one can give
you. Otherwise, you may learn experimen-
tally what you know now theoretically,
that 'all's fair in love.'"

"Or war, please add, sir, to your pre-
cise programme of arrangements, for I can
assure you there will be 'war' to the very
knife if this disgusting farce goes on fur-
ther. Mr. Dorrance, let me bid you good-
night."

"Then you throw down the gauntlet?"

"I have nothing to do with you at all,
sir."

"And you defy me—my power?"

She flashed a glance of supreme scorn
at him, and Ellis Dorrance thought she
never had been so peerlessly beautiful in all
her life before.

"You talk of your power in these days;
when, were I to raise my voice, I could call
a dozen men to my relief. Just bear in
mind the year, 1870, the vicinity—twenty
miles only from New York—and then you
can, perhaps, comprehend how utterly silly
such language sounds."

Without a further word, she walked quiet-
ly from the room and ascended the stairs to
her own apartment.

Ellis Dorrance watched her a moment,
then a smile, more terrible than a frown,
lighted his face.

"How innocent she is, the darling! I
wonder how she'd relish 'war to the knife'?"
From all appearances, that will be the only
way!"

Then, his countenance growing gloomily
stern, and his eyes lowering in their intense
blackness, he muttered, as Mr. and Mrs.
Arbuthnot entered the door:

"I'll accomplish this thing, or may I die
in the attempt!"

And the trio sat down together.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER AND SON.

CHESSOM'S Pride was the finest old coun-
try seat for many a mile either side of
Bechcrest village.

A large stone mansion, with deep mil-
lioned windows, of good old-fashioned style,
a high flight of stone steps, that led to the
grand circular entrance, a square, low
tower, and ivy-grown walls all lent a de-
lightfully picturesque aspect to the mansion,
making it in reality what it was in name,
Chessom's Pride.

For a dozen generations it had been the
homestead of the family, who loved it only
second to their name, of which they were
feebly, inordinately and yet pardonably
vain.

Foolishly vain, because, in their estima-
tion, none of the human family were so
great, so grand, so good as the Chessoms of
Chessom's Pride; because they vaunted this
fact in every action of their lives.

Pardonably proud, because really the
Chessoms were a noble race; generous, be-
nevolent, thoughtful of the welfare of
others.

An exception to this last consideration
was very rare in the family; yet, once in a
while, there would be a Chessom who was
like other people, selfish, prejudiced and
heady.

Such a one, or rather such a pair, were
the present Mrs. Chessom, a widow, and her
only daughter, Cora.

The heir, the darling of mother and sister,
was precisely opposite in every trait of
character.

Archer Chessom was physically perfect;
of rarely beautiful face, with his clear, fair,
darkly-golden hair, that swept over his fore-
head in a graceful curve, his bright, merry,
fathomless eyes, of an indescribable violet
shade, and heavy, tawny mustache, he was
one whom no woman could see without in-
stantly admiring, or know at all intimately,
without loving.

Proud, without haughtiness, bold, with-
out a vestige of presumption, Archer Chessom
was the man to whom Florence Arbuthnot
had given her young heart's whole affec-
tions; who in return was beloved by him
with a strength and fervor that few persons
are capable of.

Archer Chessom was in the elegant dining-
room that winter afternoon, when Florence
was writing to him from her room. Mrs.
Chessom and Cora, each with some trifle of
gay knitting, and attired in full dinner
costume, were with him, awaiting summons to
dinner.

"You knew Gussie was coming out from
Bechcrest for a week, didn't you, Arch?"

"I believe I heard some one mention it."

If Cora Chessom meant to create an en-
thusiasm on her brother's part she was mis-
taken, for he just glanced up from the af-
ternoon paper he was reading.

"I meant to speak of it before, for I do
want you to help entertain her. I know
she enjoys your society very much."

Archer smiled behind his paper, and
thought what a miserable diplomatist Cora
was; also, how thoroughly he disliked Gus-
sie Palliser.

"And I'm sure Arch returns the compli-
ment; we all love Gussie very dearly."

Mrs. Chessom pronounced her words as
though they were the fiat of some awful
destiny.

"And she'd come ever so much oftener
if she knew Archer wanted

billet, then lifted the cage inside, where the air was genial and the just rays of the delicious sun slanted at a slant.

As he read, his cheeks grew flushed; and he compressed his lips tightly, as if to hold back some bitterly sharp words that had leaped to his tongue's end.

Then, hastily drawing paper and pencil to his side, he dashed off an answer.

"My own darling, I am glad you have told me. I can help you; I will help you; and this is what you must do: Make whatever preparations you need, and leave your home in the most secret manner, lest discovery should thwart us and make you doubly unhappy. I will be at the corner of Prince and Church streets with the carriage, any hour you may name to-morrow! we will go direct to Dr. Baldwin's, your own pastor, be married and return to your house at Chessom's Pride. Remember, my conscientious little darling, I am proposing no runaway match; I only am going to place you beyond the power of Ellis Dorrance's annoyance. You will consent, my dearest Florence? and send our faithful Lili back at once with your arrangements. Of course it can not be to-night, as it is now near to five o'clock, and Lili takes an hour or more for her return to Rochester, by the hand of Esau, who will carry this note and the bird to you. Be courageous, my darling, and trust me ever to be your own

ARCHIE."

Then he rung the bell, and delivered the sealed note and Lili, the faithful Cupid's messenger, whom Mr. Chessom had trained purposely to convey letters from Florence to himself, knowing the hopelessness of trying his suit personally at the Arbutnots' house, and fearing lest the wickedness of Ellis Dorrance would waylay letters sent by ordinary methods of transmittal.

Thus was the beautiful carrier-dove employed, the emblem of peace and happiness, but used, alas, in these sad days, when over the water, fond hearts wait with hope deferred for the coming of the little winged messenger; dreading to learn the message under its wing, fearful lest some loved one has written for the last time, while, high up on seats of natural power, the great ones of earth resort to the trusty feathered servant to convey important news to and from the doomed city, once the gayest of the gay—now, ah, pitifully shorn of gladness, and with a million deaths knocking at its gates! And within, while the carrier-dove soars aloft in the pure, free air, bearing its precious burden, there crouch the mother and the daughter, the children and the babes, weeping and fearing, wondering why the brightness has gone out from earth, the light from the sun.

And yet, in all unhappy Paris, hemmed in by pitiless besiegers, there was no truer a prisoner than Florence Arbutnot, in her own house, under her own roof, that winter's night.

And to none of France's daughters did ever carrier-dove bring more welcome news than that to her, after the darkness had set in: when trusty Esau, cautiously tapping the window from the little balcony he was accustomed to use, handed her the precious letter and white-winged Lili.

CHAPTER III.

SHOW HIM OUT!

WHEN Florence Arbutnot had left Mr. Ellis Dorrance standing so unceremoniously in the parlor, after her positive refusal of him and his offers, the girl's parents had entered, having heard every word that passed, from an adjoining room.

It needed but a glance from either party to reveal the angry vexation that existed on both sides.

"She's the most obstinately imprudent girl I ever saw in all my life. She doesn't care that for your authority or my threats," Dorrance snapped his fingers lightly.

"But she must be made to care, Dorrance. I tell you you shall have her, in spite of the very Evil One himself."

A black frown was gathering on Mr. Arbutnot's brows, and his wife sought to avert the coming storm.

"Girls are all alike," she will consent soon, I am confident. You must be patient, Mr. Dorrance."

"Patient! did you hear her unqualified refusal of me? and then tell me to be patient! I'd rather have a chance at young Chessom; it's he that's causing all this trouble."

"What need you care for young Chessom, I'd like to know? Don't I say you shall have her?"

"And don't I say you've nothing to say about it?"

The two men were fast verging on to a quarrel, when Mrs. Arbutnot's soft, smooth voice came in.

"There is no use talking this way. If we are ourselves divided, how can we expect to accomplish our long-anticipated ends? Mr. Dorrance, you know as well as I the reason why Florence must marry you; the secret is yours as well as ours."

A hoarse laugh escaped Dorrance's lips.

"And if the young lady does not suspect part of the mystery, at least, I'm no judge."

A cold, gray shade gathered on Mrs. Arbutnot's face, and she averted her face from her husband's, darting an appealing glance to Dorrance, that only brought a sneer to his lips.

"Suspect! she suspect?" By heavens, how should she? Woman, does she know a syllable through your intervention?"

Mr. Arbutnot grasped his wife's arm roughly, and glared fiercely down in her terrified face.

"No, no!" she gasped. "I have never dared to say a word; and when she told me her convictions, I laughed at her and did the very best I could to disarm her suspicions."

Her husband never let go his hold while she thus hurriedly explained.

"Then she has spoken? What did she say? Tell me truly, and remember the sword so long suspended may drop very soon, if there is treachery between you and me."

"It was but a word," she declared. I never had seemed like her mother, and she believed we were not her parents."

A fierce, almost insane wrath gathered in Mr. Arbutnot's eyes; then he tightened his hold of his wife's arm.

"It will be ill with you if she does not change her mind! Mark that!"

Then striding away, he paced to and fro in restless agitation.

"I suppose I may as well go, as I always go, unsuccessful, and no nearer any results than when I began. By Jove, if it wasn't for the way I love her, and the way I hate those Chessoms, I'd give it up."

Dorrance threw himself moodily back in the chair, an ugly frown contracting his forehead.

But Mrs. Arbutnot turned upon him like a tigress.

"Don't you give it up! Just go on, say a month longer, and I swear to you she shall be your wife."

A redly luminous light glowed in her eyes, and her husband glanced approvingly toward her.

"A month, is it? that is, granting she does not clope with young Chessom."

"She'll not do that. She can not leave her room."

Dorrance listened, then took up his hat.

"D'ye know where I am going? As straight to Chessom's Pride as I can go."

"And tell young Archer for me that if he dare as much as look at Florence again, he'll rue the day."

Ellis Dorrance went out, and called a carriage to take him to Chessom's Pride.

It was just after Arch had dispatched the carrier-dove and letter to Florence that Mr. Dorrance's card was handed to him by the footman.

A hot flame rushed to his face as he read, then he grew calm and cold as he walked to the little reception-room to see this man to whom he owed so much dislike.

He had met him frequently before, so they were no strangers, although it was the first occasion of Dorrance's visit at Chessom's Pride.

Arch bowed slightly, and Dorrance rose to his feet as the host entered.

"Mr. Dorrance, I believe."

"Yes, I wish to have a short conversation with you, sir, if convenient."

It was plainly evident that it would not require many words from either to burst into flames the smoldering fire of mutual dislike between them; and while Dorrance was wondering how to begin to speak, Chessom was calculating whether his strength was equivalent to the task of collaring the man and kicking him down the steps.

"Perhaps you are not aware that the object of my call is of a very delicate nature; so much so, in fact, that I feel almost at a loss to tell you what I wish you to understand."

It might have been that he was warming with his subject, or the sight of Arch Chessom's haughty, repellent face vexed him; but certain it is that Dorrance's voice took on a different tone as he finished his sentence.

Mr. Chessom's lips parted in a derisive smile.

"Pray inform me, sir, on this important subject. My time is limited, and I beg you will be as explicit as possible."

The wrathful light rose to Dorrance's eyes that had chilled Florence Arbutnot's heart.

"Then, in a few words as possible, since I desire to leave your presence quite as urgently as you wish me to, I will ask you if you are aware that the attentions you are paying Miss Florence Arbutnot are extremely odious to that young lady's parents, as well as to myself?"

If he had expected to work upon Arch Chessom's passions, he was mistaken, for there was not a quiver of the nostril, or a wink of the eye, to indicate the insult he had pointed.

"To you, sir? And may I ask who or what you are to interfere between any lady and myself?"

His cool, scornful tone told upon the excitable Dorrance.

"I will tell you who and what I am. I am Florence Arbutnot's future husband, in spite of you, and I demand that you cease your attentions to her; both on my authority and her father's I say it."

He had arisen from his chair in the heat of his wrath, and Chessom slowly rose, too, with an elaborate bow.

"Since you are to be the fortunate man, why come here and play this childish game? John, show Mr. Dorrance the door, and do not bring me his card again."

He held open the door, with graceful, ironical courtesy, to permit Dorrance to pass through.

Just at that moment Esau passed in the hall, and not observing the presence of a guest, doffed his hat.

"I delivered the letter and the bird, sir, and Miss Florence said—"

"That is all right, Esau. Mr. Dorrance, good-evening."

He walked out of the library, leaving Ellis alone with the polite footman; the chance words of Esau ringing over and over in his astonished ears as he took his departure.

"A bird, and a letter! what could that letter contain that made it necessary that the Chessom carrier-dove, a well-known curiosity in the village, needs be sent to Florence Arbutnot to convey an answer?"

Then, as he was driven rapidly homeward, a sudden idea seized him; he fairly sprung to his feet in delight at the thought; then, as the carriage whirled past the Arbutnot house, and he saw a bright light shining in the windows of Florence's room, a fiendish smile spread over his sinister face, and he shook his head in villainous delight.

"Read your love-letter, pretty girl, and caress your white dove! We'll see to-morrow who holds the trump card!"

(To be continued.)

Strangely Wed:

OR,
WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTEE," "CECIL'S DEED," "CRIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DESPERATE FLIGHT.

AT THE Terrace, the smooth tranquility which had formerly reigned there was disturbed by an undercurrent of anxiety and discontent. Mr. Granville presented a placid exterior, but he had become misanthropic in his habits—spending whole hours shut up in his own room, and making frequent journeys from his home, though never revealing the object of these or his destination.

Simpson came and went at most unseasonable hours. He was gone days at a time, and on one of these occasions Mace was confident that he had seen him in the garb of a peddler, with a pack upon his back, going from house to house, in quite the opposite end of the county, where he (Mace) chanced to be visiting a married sister upon the one day of the month which was unreservedly his.

The servants talked dissatisfiedly among themselves. No good could come of such underhand proceedings, they argued. The house, too, was growing gloomy as a tomb, with Miss Sylvie wasted down to a shadow from constant and unwearied attendance upon the poor young gentleman domiciled there, and Miss Justine, who had been the life of the place, gone, nobody knew where.

Mr. Granville had never retracted his first explanation of her absence, which had been that she was staying for a season with some friends in Bayfield; but by some unknown agency it had come to the knowledge of the household that this was a canard, and all kinds of speculations were indulged in regarding the motive of her continued absence.

Without avail, however, until one day Mace came home with a head full of news that was calculated to strike amazement home to every one of the waiting audience, composed of his fellow-servants.

He had stumbled across an advertisement in one of the leading dailies, which offered a large reward for any information of Justine Clare, who had deserted the care of her guardian, while laboring under an attack of aggravated derangement. It was accompanied by a minute description of her personal appearance and the dress she wore on the occasion of her flight; and the community was warned against crediting any tale which the cunning of insanity might enable the fugitive to apply fabricate.

Mace delivered his budget with the gusto of one who expects to strike consternation to the hearts of his hearers, and the result was no whit behind his expectation.

Meantime, Lambert was gradually rallying from the worst bodily effects of his severe injury. There were no symptoms now but which were favorable to his ultimate recovery of physical health; but he had given no evidence of the awakening of his mental faculties.

It was evening of a clear winter day—the same which had witnessed Justine's presence in the prison-yard in the disguise she had assumed, and her disposition of the little package that she hoped might be instrumental in effecting the escape of her husband.

Mr. Granville was walking on the terrace, watching for the return of Simpson, who had been absent all that day. He had an iron constitution, and a face which was usually impenetrable to all trace of visible emotion, but now, when he was alone, a harassed, worn look was beginning to stamp itself there.

It was almost a fortnight since Justine's flight, and he had not succeeded in securing the slightest trace of her. Simpson had tramped through the whole section of country from house to house, sometimes in his person proper, making open inquiries, but oftener in a disguise, hoping to draw from the gossip of the country wives some clue to the runaway.

He was utterly unsuccessful, and neither the telegraph sent to various points on the coast, nor the advertisement for the advertisement and reward to which Mr. Granville was at last obliged to have recourse, were productive of any more satisfactory result.

To-day Simpson had been to Centerton on business of an indifferent nature, and at its close turned his steps toward the prison. It was a part of Mr. Granville's programme to keep himself informed regarding all persons who attempted to gain access to Fonteney's cell. He did not imagine that by such unguarded action Justine would venture unwarily into his power again, but he took this means of ascertaining whether or no the prisoner had friends without capable of acting for him.

The precaution had resulted in no discovery thus far; and Simpson half-paused in the outset, weighing in his own mind if the chance were worth the trouble of a walk to the jail. The fear of his employer's probable displeasure over the neglect of his duty decided him, and setting off at a brisk walk, he rapidly approached the prison.

Turning the corner of the yard at the same rapid rate, he ran plump against a boy who had just emerged from the gates—a little fellow in a velvet suit, with a scarlet cap set jauntily on his curly hair—fairly knocking him from his feet.

"See here, my jolly old cove," cried the boy, in choice American vernacular and a clear treble, as he gathered himself quickly from his horizontal position on the sidewalk—"mind your ps and your qs, or you'll discover a fine under the trespass act that'll more than balance your beer-money. Oh, Lord bless me!"

Simpson's hand descended to the shoulder of the seeming lad, turning his face square about, and the latter saw for the first time who it was that had stumbled against him.

The slight, lithe figure twisted itself from beneath the man's clutch and darted away; while the other, staring after him, required some seconds to get it through his brain that this was really the runaway ward of his master whom he had so closely encountered.

He mastered the idea in less than a minute, and started in hot pursuit.

Justine, glancing over her shoulder, saw him upon her track, and sped on through the quiet streets toward the close-built blocks in the center of the town. Her scarlet cap blew off, and Simpson, following with his eyes fixed on the flying figure, had thought enough to stoop and catch it as he ran.

People on the sidewalks turned to gaze wonderingly at them.

"Stop her!" yelled Simpson, at the top of his voice, too much excited to remember the distinction her boy's attire would have required to make his meaning intelligible. "A hundred dollars to any one who stops her."

Justine realized her peril, and running, still joined in his cry.

"Stop her—stop thief! A woman round the corner there—stop her, I say!"

A dozen individuals started after the imaginary woman around the corner. Justine, concealed for a moment from the eyes of her pursuer, darted in at a doorway which stood conveniently open, clanging fast the door and dropping into place the swinging-bolt, which secured it.

She never stopped to see if her subterfuge had been discovered, but dashed through the empty hall in which she found herself, through an open porch beyond it, from which a laundry opened, where a brawny, armed Irish woman was at work. The latter turned to stare after the pretty boy who took such unceremonious right of way through a private house; but, already the fugitive was lost from sight in the alley at the rear of the building.

Justine checked her speed now, and convincing herself that she had eluded the pursuit, walked quietly through alleys and byways until she had cleared the town, and then made her way across the open fields to the cover of the wood.

The Gipsies' camp was pitched full three miles away, and she turned her steps directly there, not knowing how soon a whole company might be out in search of her.

This was the story—up to his loss of her—which Simpson had to relate when he met Mr. Granville at the foot of the terrace steps on his return in the late evening.

The latter heard him in silence.

"So you lost her," he commented, when the man paused in his recital, an oily blandness in his voice, which was more portentous than an outburst of passion from another man. "My faithful fellow, this is the second unfortunate blunder you have made; the first being when you proved an expert marksman but a careless observer. I fear if a third mistake occurs it may be followed by unpleasant consequences."

"It weren't my fault," muttered the man, resentfully. "But that's not all of it yet."

"When I found as she'd give me the slip, I went back to the jail and made inquiry of the warden, in hopes he might be able to tell me something. He remembered seeing such a boy hanging about the place off and on for two or three days past, but, being civil and not meddlesome, they let him come and go as he pleased. One thing I made sure of, that he or she, as you like best, hadn't got much chance of speaking with our prisoner. Jack, the jailer's boy, minded seeing the lad once when he were out gunning, taking a short cut by the path toward Danver wood, and for my part I wouldn't wonder if she'd been hiding there all the time."

"And doubtless the suit of boy's clothes sprung spontaneously from the branches," remarked Mr. Granville, sarcastically.

"I've been thinking," persisted the man, doggedly holding fast to his idea, "that it might be well to get Wirt and the hound and search the wood. We'd know, then, for a surety whether she's been there or not."

"You can try it if you choose. And tell Wirt, if you find any trace, to loose the hound rather than let her escape again!"

He turned and quietly commenced the ascent of the hundred marble steps; while the man at the bottom, who knew what that command meant, showed himself less cruel than his more polished master by the quick shiver which convulsed his frame.

Justine pursued her course toward the Gipsy camp, keeping within the cover of the wood, which led her by a roundabout way, so that it was quite sunset when she reached the spot.

An open fire of clear embers glowed in the center of the little glade where the canvas-covered wagons of the party were ranged. Around this, in close conclave, the Gipsies were assembled, the men grouped together, the women standing for the most part silent around them, and children and dogs ranged, like an uneven fringe, on the outskirts.

In the foreground Justine could see the figure of old Naome drawn up to its full height, and hear her harsh, cracked voice raised in angry acclamation. She drew silently near, wondering at the unusual spectacle.

"Go if ye will," Naome was saying. "But if ye desertion of us now brings harm to the lad there, or if our vengeance chides us for the lack of strong arms and faithful hearts, may the curse of the fatherless be on ye."

"Ye say truly that I'm not one of yer kind, but did not leave my world for yers? Do ye remember when yer captain before Wat Lyon there, and who was his brother, wedded outside of his tribe, and ye were proud of the dainty little wife he'd won? She was my own girl, ye know; my only child, dearer to me than my own heart's blood. But it wasn't then, when ye loaded her with favors, and she was happy as a queen with her Gipsy husband, that I came to ye."

"Do ye remember, then, when ye fared badly on yer tramps, when the people shunned ye as a pest in the neighborhoods where ye chanced to be, or hunted ye down like beasts of prey? Ye mightn't have deserved it, mayhap, but to be a Gipsy was to carry the brand of thief and liar in yer very face, and to have it thrown at ye by them that were bold enough. The law denounced ye as vagrants, and the people had no pity on ye. Ye were ill-conditioned as fished mongrels—but there was worse yet in store for ye."

"Yer tents were pitched in the Granville wood; my girl was taken down there, and lay with her little first-born babe upon her breast. I was nurse to a sick gentleman at the great house—Arthur Clare his name was—but I quit the place to come and tend on my girl. More than that, I left it with the master's anger on me, who fancied that I guessed too much of some affairs of his that mightn't bear close searching into."

"My girl laid her little lad in my arms with proud tears in her eyes; but joy wouldn't feed her, wouldn't bring the nourishing broth and bit o' wine that would have put new life in her veins. She dwindled down and grew weaker day by day for the want o' them."

"Yer captain went a most wild at seeing her dying by inches after his eyes, and driven to desperation at last, he went to beg at the great house. Ye know how it must have been when it came to that. He went to beg of the rich man's abundance in his need, but he was driven from the door, empty-handed, with the jibes and sneers of the upstart servants ringing in his ears."

"He wouldn't come back to us so, even then; he laid in wait for the master, hoping to gain his ear by his pitiful tale. And what he got for it was an order to march with his pack of vagrants afore the morrow night, or to have the dogs of the law put upon them."

"Yer captain swore an oath to himself, then, that he'd not go back without the food for which his wife was dying, that man's charity had denied to him. Ye older ones remember what happened then. That night he was caught in the wine cellar at the great house, loaded down with stores."

"They locked him up there until the morning, and then they dragged him off to the prison at the town. He never opened his lips nor lifted his hand, for he knew it were of no use with the numbers down on him, and he but one. He looked to his lads to help him out o' his trouble, but they were weak-hearted from hardship, and, besides, had their own safety to look to. Then he made an attempt to escape o' himself, but was caught in the act, and nigh about killed a man in the struggle he made—not quite, more's the pity!"

"His trial came off, as ye know, and he was sentenced to ten year of hard labor. My girl was spared knowing it, though, for the shock of his arrest and his danger, finished the work that starvation and exposure had begun. The Gipsies were obliged to take up their march out o' the country, and she died on the way, begging me to watch over her little lad."

"Yer captain heard o' it, and lost all his heart from then; he died in his cell, as surely murdered as though they'd put a noose about his neck."

"It was then I took up with ye for good and all. Ye promised to stick by me, and I swore the lad should grow up to aid me in working vengeance on the man who made him an orphan and me childless. That end's near at hand, I tell ye; yet ye speak o' leaving us! Can ye, Wat Lyon, think of the fate your own brother met, and desert his boy now?"

The man she addressed, the present leader of the band, spoke civilly, but in a decided way.

"We've heard ye through, mistress, though the story ye tell is no new one to us. The time ye speak of is past long ago; we've wrongs enough ag'in us to-day without dragging up the dead ones. We'd only rouse the peoples' anger, with no good at the end. I don't approve o' your course, mistress, and I tell ye so square. If the lad wants revenge, let him take it in his own way; but ye've made a milk-sop of him that's scarcely a knowledge o' his own mind."

"What say ye, Art, boy? Will ye go with us on our journey to the South, or do ye stick here w' the old one still?"

Art Lyon, who had stood by with lowering brows, interposing no remarks, but darting out angry glances now and then, looked up, sullenly.

"I'm a Gipsy at heart," he said. "Ye all know that; and ye know, too, that I'd be with ye if I could. But to show ye that I am not the milk-sop ye think, I'll never go till I've found the vengeance of which Naome prates."

"All right, my lad," returned the other, good-naturedly. "I like all the better to see that spirit in ye. And now, lads, to yer tasks, and to bed early, for we'll be off at the peep o' dawn to-morrow."

The group dispersed, and Justine approached Naome, who stood alone glowering down into the burning coals.

She gave the latter a detailed account of her adventure, and her narrow escape from falling into Simpson's hands, and consequently into her guardian's power. Naome listened attentively.

"I feared it," she said, when Justine had concluded. "I feared ye would draw discovery on yerself, venturing out boldly, as ye would, despite caution and warning. And now ye're no longer safe here. Ye'd better go with the Gipsies on the morrow, and leave Art and me to work our way as we can. Ye are caught, but a headless child, at best, running headlong into any snare they may set for ye."

"Go and leave Gerald!" cried Justine, indignantly. "No, Mother Naome. I doubt if your witchcraft could do as much for him as my wit has done already, and I'll not fly while he is debarr'd from freedom. My place is near him, and I'll not be frightened away."

"Brave talk," said Naome, grimly. "Twil end in yer being better secured than afore. Ay, the stars foretell a dark way yet, and ye're walking into it with open eyes."

Justine laughed gleefully.

"If it's fate, Mother Naome, what is the use of trying to avoid it? I'm afraid you confute your own philosophy. Never mind that, though! Don't you see that this move of the Gipsies will throw them on a wrong track, if they suspect I have been here in the camp? They will think I am with the band, and will follow it, perhaps, while we can take up our abode in the little hut in the Granville wood, where I first met you. They will never think of searching for me so near The Terrace."

Naome was far from satisfied, but for the present she could fix upon no better plan.

Long before day the entire camp was astir; with the first peep of light the horses were brought out and the wagons drawn into line. The erratic tribe needed little time for preparation, and never content to remain long in a place, were eager to be on the move again.

Art Lyon attended the little company as the lumbering wagons creaked away over the forest road; and Naome and Justine began their preparations for an immediate removal to the little woodland hut.

The latter had resumed her own dress, modified to resemble the garb of the young Gipsy girls. The scarlet skirt was tucked up, leaving her little feet exposed, and she wore a water-proof cloak with a hood that could be drawn forward to completely shade her face. Her clear, dark complexion had been stained a swarthy brown, with a decoction of walnut bark, and her hair, worn short, was cut closer still, in a vain attempt to disguise its natural inclination to curl.

They completed their simple preparations, and waited Art's return to begin their line of march to Granville wood, ten miles distant.

They saw him coming soon in a stealthy, hurried way.

"There's no time to be lost," he said, excitedly, as he came up. "I am on hearing about the woods in search of the young lady, I know. She must start alone, Mother Naome; and ye and I will stay behind to send them on a wrong trail. Ye'll not be afraid?" to Justine.

"No, and I know the way perfectly. Don't fear but I'll get there safely."

"Go then, quick as ye can, and we'll follow ye soon."

Justine needed no second bidding, but sped like a deer away through the forest paths.

A LITTLE POEM OF MULTIPLIED
LITTENESS CUT THIN.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The very smallest "end of nothing" take
And whittle it down to the smallest point,
Then take and rasp that down to half its size,
Which you may split into two equal pieces.
One-half of which you then may throw away;
Reduce the other to three-fourths its bulk,
And then diminish that by boiling down,
Pare off at least one-half of what is left
And grind at least seven-eighths of that away,
And break the balance into pieces small,
And those up into smaller pieces yet.
Each one of which would be ten thousand times
More large than is the little measly heart
Of that diminished piece of human kind
Who cheats his friend that he may thrive him-
self.

The "Thousand Islands."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

VI.—MY PROWESS AND JIM'S BATH.

We had many days of excellent sport, and of course I could not be happy unless I distinguished myself, by attempting to do something for which I had no natural capacity; and so I tried to row. It looks easy enough as you watch a first-class oarsman, but, somehow, the practice is harder than the theory. I knew that I had figured the theory down to a spot. I could not rest satisfied with that, but must try to carry it out in practice. I was on one of the islands with the rest, and after a hard morning's fishing, in which I had covered myself with glory by capturing a moskalonge nearly as large as the one taken by Viator upon the first day's fish, we got to talking about rowing, and I stated my belief that any one could row a boat, and that I could row as well as any of them.

"Ah, Mossu!" said old Joe, "zat is impossible. You mus' understand zat it require constant practice to row ze boat viz precision and effect."

But I knew better, and at last old Joe got vexed. "Aha, Mossu! Scumble," he said, "you shall go to ze island ovare yonder viz ze boat, and I shall row from zis island and back before you shall arrive yondare."

I offered to bet fabulous amounts that he could not do it, and finally Viator backed Joe to the extent of one of Dunlap's best ties. I was as certain of that hat as if I had it on my head, so I took Billy's boat, and Viator, acting as starter, stood upon the bank and gave us the word, "Go."

We went.

Did you ever see a tortoise racing with a horse—a fox with a centipede, or any other ridiculous match of that kind? It would have done you good to see that old Frenchman walk away from me. I never saw any thing like it in all my life.

Somehow, things did not seem to work right, and I soon had a fine panoramic view of the boat containing old Joe, rapidly placing a wide stretch of water between us. Every stroke of his sculls seemed to put him ten feet "to the good," although I dug the oars into the water with all my force, and pulled for dear life. It was awful work, I tell you, for the sun was boiling down on me like a fiery furnace, and the perspiration streamed from every pore.

As I grew more excited, I forgot to "feather," and one scull just touched the water, while the strong stroke I pulled with the other brought her completely round, pointing to the island I had just left. I got her about again, and for about a hundred yards or so, did yeoman service, but as my hopes were rising—the hope which "blooms eternal in the human breast"—both sculls missed fire, and I went over on my back, flourishing my heels in the air in a decidedly ungraceful manner. I don't advertise to be very "touchy," but the hyena laughter of Viator and Jim at that moment was simply maddening. I determined to get to that island before old Joe got back, or break something, and struggling up on the thwart, headed once more for the goal and laid my muscle to it.

Oh! My knuckles fouled amidships, and took a neat bit off the ridges of my left hand, for, of course, I was rowing with the wrong hand uppermost. I said some adjectives and went on my way, the bow of that infernal boat dancing about like a feather blown by the wind. Do what I would, it was no use; she would not head straight.

But I was tooling along quite well now, and had got nearly half-way to the island, when I heard the rapid clapping of oars, and old Joe passed me like a whirlwind, sitting easily in his boat, his sculls rising and falling with the regularity of clock-work. It was mighty trying to have to give it up, but I knew that he would get back long before I could reach the island. The skin was all off the back of my neck, and what was the use of sweating your heart out over an impossibility? But then, to turn back and bear the contumely and scorn which would be heaped upon me by that villain, Viator, who seemed to take delight in the torments of the unhappy! By the time I got the boat fairly headed for the island, old Joe was paddling up to the bank, with a smile upon his grim old face, and a burst of fiendish laughter was borne across the water to me. I got back at last, but I felt dreadful bad, too, and a small knot-hole would have sufficed to hide my shame.

"Yes," said Jim, who had joined my persecutors, "we'll put Scrub up against Josh Ward; he nows in such perfect time."

Now it is bad enough to pay for a new hat, without bearing humiliation and reproach from your conquerors, and there was a coolness between myself and the rest for an hour or two; even my cherished pipe did not have its usual soothing influence.

But, they laugh best who laugh last, and before that day was over the torrent of laughter turned upon Jim, who had enjoyed my defeat so much. We were out upon the river, and I had the seat in the stern, while Jim occupied the seat facing me. Down in the lake water we could see the shadowy outlines of the tall ferns, and among these lurk the big fish, many of which we had enticed from the depths as the glittering sun passed over them. Suddenly the left-hand rod bent so as nearly to touch the water, and up started Jim to seize it. As he did so, he caught his toe upon a stretcher, and before Billy could put out a hand to aid him, Jim had gone on an exploring expedition into the water. He went out of sight with a gurgle and splash, and never shall I forget the look which his face bore a moment after, when, dripping with water, and with weeds and slime plentifully adorning his person, he rose slowly by the side of the boat and grasped it for support.

"All right, Jim," I said, as we dragged

him into the boat. "The world is all a fleeting show, isn't it? Wicked, wicked world! We can not sooner realize that 'such is life.'"

"Would you believe it? Instead of taking pleasure in the trite quotation he got mad and said he didn't like to ask a man to change his nature, but he wouldn't be a fool if he was me. A new object of scorn was hailed with delight by Viator, and through it all Jim sat dripping, with a serene expression upon his face. It is a great deal easier to laugh at a man than to be laughed at, as my experience goes.

We got into Clayton, as soon as possible, where dry clothing and fluid comfort were administered to the victim; but it was some hours before "Richard was himself again."

The Senator's Crime.
A STORY OF THE CAPITAL.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"Ah! there he is now, Clare!"—Philip Aubrey. Will you stand by me?"

"Yes, Morris; but—"

"No qualifications, Clare Moselle," and the speaker's words were couched in a determined tone. "There is Philip Aubrey, I say, and I'm going to insult him. If he's what he claims to be—a true Southern gentleman—he'll fight. If he refuses, I'll brand him a coward in the very halls that ring with his eloquence and oratory. By heavens! he must fight me."

"He's a crack shot, they say," whispered Clare Moselle.

"And did you ever see me miss?"

"No, boy," and the Creole's eyes flashed a look of pride upon his companion, "I never saw you miss a shot."

"Then don't call him a true shot," replied Morris Chardon, his eyes riveted upon a man who had just emerged from Willard's, and was hurrying alone down the avenue.

"If he kills me, why you'll see that I go under the ground decently, and should the opposite result come of the fight, why I'll see that he's buried. But let us hurry,

Clare. By my soul! I believe he is quickening his pace. He is going to Coralie now."

"No, no, Morris; he's going to fight the gaudy tiger!"

"Then we'll meet him in the animal's den," said Chardon, with a smile of satisfaction, and a short time later they saw Philip Aubrey enter a gambling establishment, the resort of senators and other public men, in the Congressional glory of Henry Clay.

They quickly followed the man they had trailed, and presently stood in the main gaming-room, where they found their man already seated at a table, receiving recently purchased checks.

"Who is that gentleman—his partner?" whispered Chardon to Moselle.

"Newcomb, from Alabama, who has twice killed his man. Those Southern fellows can make better shots than speeches."

"It is no use to talk that way, Clare. You can't frighten me. For your sake, boy, I want to live; but—but what if I am killed?"

"Philip Aubrey shall never wed Coralie St. Clair!"

There was a proud flash in Morris Chardon's eyes, and his womanish hand stole to the Creole's still lighter and softer member.

"I thank God for you, Clare," he said, looking up into the Creole's eyes, "and, in dying, I will have the satisfaction of knowing that his accursed schemes will not succeed. Now for the battle. Come with me."

With the last word lingering on his lip, Morris Chardon stepped forward, his dark eyes flashing a world of hatred upon Philip Aubrey, United States senator and gambler.

The game at the oval table had just opened, and as the twain paused beside the players, Aubrey hurried a card upon the glistening marble, which drew a cry of astonishment from his opponent.

"Ha!" cried Morris Chardon, who stood beside the man whose blood he sought, "you are fortunate to-night, Aubrey. Two jacks still left, and a good supply of—"

With a glance at the youth, and an oath, Philip Aubrey sprang to his feet, and glared, like an enraged tiger, into the calm face of the informer.

For a moment his blindness prevented him from recognizing Morris Chardon, but when his passion yielded to a momentary quietude, he hissed forth his name.

"I'm glad you recognize me, Philip Aubrey," said the young man. "I sought you for a meeting."

"And, Morris Chardon, you shall not be disappointed. For your conduct of a moment since, consider yourself challenged. Name your weapons, time and place."

A minute later Philip Aubrey's friends were removing the little gaming-tables, and creating space for the performance of the "code of honor."

Morris Chardon had accomplished his design, and he awaited the conflict with an impatience which the Creole noticed with a despondent look.

He and the senator had been on intimate terms for several years. Together they had traveled, drank and played; but now, as the reader has seen, they were bitter enemies, and why?

Of late Morris Chardon had relinquished his wild mode of living, and was now filling with credit no insignificant position under the Government—a position originally obtained for him by the man he was about to fight.

Six months prior to the opening of our story, young Chardon encountered Coralie St. Clair, the daughter of a distinguished New-Yorker, who had recently taken up his residence at the capital. To know the beautiful, pure-minded Coralie was to love her, and Morris Chardon was not astounded when his heart told him that she was the only creature who could make him happy through life.

Being of a confident nature, he told his still friend, Philip Aubrey, of the girl he would make his wife. The senator was charmed with the description; he would meet the lovely Coralie, and, aided by her generous lover, he met her. From that hour he resolved to make her his wife, and Philip Aubrey was a man who had followed resolves to death's door.

With the cunning he seemed to inherit, for his features would indicate that he possessed but little that was natural, he entered into the good graces of Coralie's parents, and dazzled by the name he bore and the wealth he had to command, they turned against Morris Chardon. For a long time the youth lived in blissful ignorance of the serpent's cunning, and when he opened his eyes to it it was too late.

The coral lips which he had often pressed in love's divinest moment branded him a forger, a duelist, a gambler, and when he left Coralie's threshold, with the command "Never darken these doors again!" ringing in his ears, he realized the perfidy of the man he had trusted.

Philip Aubrey was at the bottom of all

so distinctly the words were pronounced, and the Southern senator turned upon his companion, as though struck in the side with a lance.

"My God! Did you speak, Newcomb?"

"Speak? No, Aubrey. Why?"

"I thought some one spoke," he said, trying to chase the terrified expression from his face; "but I must have been mistaken. Open the door, quick! I want to quit this place."

He was fearful that that thrilling sentence would ring in his ears again, and as he hurried—almost ran—from the "den," he recalled a year whose memory he would give his great wealth to drown in the waters of oblivion.

The winter session of 18— was drawing to a close, and Philip Aubrey sat at his desk, rapidly penning a letter, and every now and then he glanced at the ornate clock on the antique mantel, as though he feared the appearance of a certain hour before he had finished his work.

Philip Aubrey was expecting a certain hour with feverish impatience, and that hour was to see him united for life to the beautiful Coralie St. Clair.

Ah! at last his plots were bearing the desired fruit, and he would take to his rich Southern home the fairest being in his nation's capital—one for whom he had striven hard—one whose ears he had filled with poison—one whose manly lover he had slain.

Already his fellow senators were preparing for the bridal hour, and the Chief Executive of America had promised to honor the occasion with his presence.

"There!" he cried, as he signed his name to the finished communication and threw the pen aside. "Now for the altar."

He rose to his feet, and was startled by a faint rapping on his door.

Since the duel, sounds had strangely startled Philip Aubrey, and though but three months had elapsed, ten, ay, twenty years seemed to have been added to his age. "It's Madge," he said, referring to his confidential servant, and then he sprang to the door, and threw it wide open.

"Ma— My God!"

Forecastle Yarns.

BY C. D. CLARK.

VI.—THE WRONG MAN.

The Active lay rolling on the long swell of the South Pacific, her white sails spread to catch the faintest puff of wind which came up from the west. The deep-blue sky had not a cloud, and the only motion of the great ship was that imparted by the restless surge, which never ceases upon the most tranquil sea.

A dark, bronzed savage, his face tattooed in fantastic and terrible patterns, thrust his head out of the fore-castle, and cast an evil eye toward the main-top, where a young sailor stood with his back against the spar, looking lazily out to sea, and watching for whales or a wind.

The Kanaka was a harpooner, and the young man in the top was a rival, and the crew had jeered the savage about his want of success until the man was nearly mad, and in his animosity he was ripe for any crime. As he stood gazing upward, a jolly-looking tar followed him out of the fore-castle.

"He's a smart harpooner, that boy is, Temahata. It'll be a long time fore you can strike a fish as he can."

"Lie, Yankee Jack, all lie! Too muchee lie, you sabbee. Temahata can strike an iron into the life of the whale at one blow."

"Oh, get out!" replied Yankee Jack. "Why, Seth Morton can beat you just as easy as scat. He's the harpooner for the captain's boat—he is. If he ain't better than you, why don't the captain take you instead of him?"

The light in the eyes of the terrible harpooner was more deadly than ever. He caught up his harpoon, removed the sheath, and looked fixedly at the bright bar. Yankee Jack started back with a feeling of terror, not knowing what that desperate man might be tempted to do. But he only looked at the steel, and muttered to himself in the same fierce way, glancing now and then at the immovable figure of Seth Morton in the top. While he stood there, the third mate hailed the top and called down the look-out, who descended with the ease and grace of a practiced seaman, and stood upon the deck before them, his handsome face glowing with exercise.

"Any sign of a breeze, Seth?" demanded the mate.

"We shall have it in an hour, and from the south-east, just where we want it."

"All right, Kanaka, run up into the main-top and stay there until I call you down. Away you go; jump!"

The Kanaka obeyed without a word, but as he went up the ratlines, he looked back at Seth Morton in a way that curdled the blood in the veins of Yankee Jack.

"You've got to look out for that chap, matey," he said. "He'll have your life if he can get it."

"Will he?" said Seth, following the Kanaka up the ratlines. "See here, Temahata, do you want any thing out of me? If you do, I'm your man."

"You talker, talker good deal," replied the Kanaka. "You watchee yourself; let Kanaka be."

"Let me see you as much as lift a finger against me, and I'll thrash you so that your personal friends will disown you," said Seth, as he slid down to the deck. "Mind that!"

The Kanaka said not a word in reply, but went into the top, and sat there muttering to himself and looking fixedly at his harpoon, and whispering to it, as he had done before.

Seth thought but little of the quarrel, for, like all sailors, he was careless of danger and did not know that he had injured the savage in any way, although he had joined in the good-natured chaffing of the fore-castle at night.

The wind came down about the time he had prophesied, and the Active walked away before it, with every thing spread which could draw. Night came on, and Seth Morton took his trick at the wheel. It was intensely dark, and the lanterns of the ship showed dimly through the haze as the ship sped on with her white wings spread. Bending over the binnacle lamp, and studying the course, the young sailor steered the ship on over the darkening water, and in that silent hour his heart went back to his home in the Empire State and the friends who would greet the returned mariner safely home; and, above all, the face of one fair girl was ever present, who had given him her hand at parting, and wore his ring. These memories were sweet to him as the ship went on her course.

His reverie was broken, for a dark form stole to his side, and by the light of the binnacle lamp he saw the face of the Kanaka.

"Me sorry, matey," he said. "Kanaka talker too muchee sometime."

"All right, Temahata," replied Seth. "I like to be friendly with every one."

"What's that talking?" cried the mate who had charge of the deck. "Here, Kanaka, out of this, lively! No talking to the man at the wheel!"

The Kanaka slunk away with an evil grin upon his face, but, instead of going below, ran nimbly up the ratlines, and out upon a yard, which extended nearly over the head of the wheelman, twenty feet below. From the folds of his coat he now took out his harpoon, and shook it, menacingly, at the deck.

"Kanaka never forgive. Ha!"

The deadly iron sped, and the man at the wheel fell prostrate, with a hollow groan. The murderer slid down a stay and reached the deck, where he was seized by a man who had hurried up as he heard that dying groan.

"Ha, who is this?" cried the voice of Seth Morton. "Lanterns, lanterns! Murder has been done."

The Kanaka swung himself nimbly out of the pea-coat and ran to the rail, and a loud splash announced that he had leaped into the sea.

They found the third-mate lying dead upon the deck, pierced through the brain by the harpoon, "too deadly aimed to err." The unfortunate man had taken the wheel for a moment and sent Seth forward on an errand, and that alone had saved his life. The Kanaka had chosen death in the boiling sea to the vengeance of his shipmates, and his fierce life was at an end.

Miss Dix says, "That the dipping of snuff, which was indulged in to a fearful extent South, had a greater effect toward driving women mad, on account of their more nervous sensibilities, than chewing tobacco had on men, who were of a stronger nature."



THE SENATOR'S CRIME.

this villainy—Philip Aubrey, who had dared reply to Clay—Philip Aubrey, who might, with bright hopes, have looked beyond the figure, and her face, as pale as Philip Aubrey's, was quite comely. She might have been thirty-five years of age.

"Back from the grave, Philip Aubrey, back from the grave!" were her first words, as she pointed a quivering finger at the statesman. "I need not tell you who I am. No, no, you know your wife. We have not met for eighteen years. What! have you forgotten our separation and your crime? I'll refresh your memory."

Philip Aubrey stood spellbound in the center of the room.

"You met me in Mobile," she resumed, quickly, "and I, a giddy girl, wedded you, by years my senior. Soon you tired of me—after spending my gold, you hurled me and your child aside. I haunted you. You stole our boy, and, throttled by your accursed hand, I was hurled into Mobile bay. I stole the boy back, Philip Aubrey, but, despite a mother's watching, he was snatched from me again. I had resolved never more to cross your path; but, when I saw Coralie St. Clair about to become yours, I thought I must open my mouth and snatch her from doom. May you be judged according to your crimes. I go. We never meet again. Coralie is free, after I tell her all."

Her last words roused Philip Aubrey. With a terrible impulse, he started forward, but suddenly stopped and, trembling like a reed, drew back as though he shrunk from the shadow of death. A moment he stood thus. Then he sprang to the table and traced upon paper these words:

"Coralie, I can't come to the wedding. The bearer will tell you what a guilty man I am. I am lost—lost alike to you—to the world—to myself."

And from that very hour Philip Aubrey disappeared from life as completely as if he were dead.

Morris Chardon was, indeed, no other than Howard Aubrey. His father's bullet had not been fatal. It had struck the fair forehead but had not penetrated the brain. But for many weeks he was helpless in mind over the shock. One day, to his amazement, Coralie called upon him, and from that moment he began to recover both health of mind and body, and Coralie became the bride of him, whom poisoned words had almost sent to his grave.

A MUSICIAN at a Manaca casino some time since bought a bottle of champagne, and sitting down to the piano, he played the gayest music and drank his wine until but a single glass remained. Into this he poured a bottle of prussic acid, drank it off, and began a funeral march, which ended only with his death.